THE COMMONWEAL

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AT HAVANA

THIS week Mr. Coolidge heads a gild-edged delegation to the Pan-American Conference at Havana. There is considerable speculation as to the probable outcome, and considerable curiosity regarding the methods to be employed. It is more definitely to the point, however, to get a view of those political facts which induced the administration to take so decisive a step at this time. Three circumstances may be said to have modified our relations with Latin America very profoundly during the past few years. The first is a tremendous increase in the amount of money invested by United States citizens in almost all countries to the South. Not so long ago European capital was the main factor in economic development there; today it still leads, but by a comparatively slight margin. At present no one can avoid seeing to how great an extent our industrial present and future are bound up with Central and South America.

The second circumstance has a direct bearing upon the one just outlined. Since the outbreak of the world war, various American republics have gained a quantity of international experience. Only some five of all the nations in the new world have refused to join the League of Nations. And those who did enter it have come to feel something of that elation which a small, "backward" country always experiences when it acts as the peer of the powerful. Some of the Latin-American representatives, notably Señor Antonio de Bustamente, have even taken a great share in promoting the concept of international justice and arbitration. Out of all this experience at least two effects have followed. Understanding of what may be termed "international idealism" has made considerable headway. On the other hand, many South and Central Americans have learned to know Europe much better than they did before, and are strengthening a desire to cement the cultural ties now existing between their own peoples and the "Latin" civilization of the old world. These things may lead to fruitful and abiding economic relations, but they do certainly lead—especially when paired with a growing resentment of the dominion exercised by the "colossus of the North"—away from the United States.

Meanwhile Washington, deluged by all kinds of sharp criticism, has discovered the third factor in the present situation. The machinery devised for governing relations between the United States and countries to the South has proved hopelessly archaic and inadequate. Interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, which remains as ever the centre of the whole matter, has not succeeded in effecting a methodology of action acceptable either at home or abroad. The precedent by

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which the existing State Department may be said to be governed is twofold. First comes the matter of recognizing Latin-American governments, which is of the utmost importance because the protection of foreign interests is dependent upon it. Here Central America is of primary interest, both because Washington takes an "especial concern" in what goes on there and because revolutions are frequent. Now the treaty of 1923, signed in Washington by the Central American governments, specified that no president could be rightfully elected who was either disqualified by the constitution of his country or identified in any way with a revolution. The authors of this agreement hoped to discourage revolution and promote regular democratic government. As a matter of fact, however, the main result has been to make the United States chief guarantor of various second-rate executives and arch-enemy of civic progress. This is what has happened in Honduras and Nicaragua, and the battle between the marines and General Sandino is simply the outcome of the refusal on the part of the revolutionists in the second country to accept the United States insistence upon the letter of the treaty.

Secondly—and this point is, we feel, most vital—the effect of the Roosevelt message to Congress in December, 1904, has been to pledge the United States to intervention in Latin America under certain circumstances. "Chronic wrong-doing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America, as elsewhere," he said, "ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the western hemisphere may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power." Mr. Roosevelt seems to have been guided in making this declaration by a desire to forestall all attempts at intervention by European powers. As a matter of fact, every attempt to act in the spirit of his message has aroused intense resentment both in the United States and elsewhere. The people of this country are unwilling to send their armies southward to rescue property or to accomplish any other business. And Latin America objects so intensely to the sending of troops that the moral effect left is almost equivalent to a defeat. One may add that experience seems to prove also the inefficacy of the policy. Mr. Wilson's dealings with Mexico were legal in every way, but the upshot was disaster.

In a very particular way the plight of the Catholic Church in Mexico has taught us all a great deal about this problem. Mr. Calles's personally supervised persecution certainly constituted impotence and wrong-doing. More than that, the mere presence in the Mexican constitution of clauses prohibiting the free exercise of religion was a flat denial of the doctrine of freedom of conscience which is the basic characteristic of United States civilization. But though these things were clear, it was utterly impossible to reason from them to a demand for intervention that would right wrong. In the first place, Mexico and indeed all Latin America would have resented such a step because it would have seemed to establish a precedent whereby Washington was empowered to intervene, not merely to safeguard national and property rights but also to regulate the legislative and judicial actions of the people concerned. In the second place, as we all know, the citizens of the United States clearly opposed taking any such step. They did not want intervention to protect oil. They most decidedly did not want intervention to restore the Catholic Church to the possession of its just rights.

Indeed it was probably just this opposition to intervention which upheld the reign of barbarism in Mexico for so long. Public opinion, both here and abroad, is opposed to force. But the same public opinion is also, we sincerely believe, opposed to injustice and cruelty. It remains to find some way in which it can act effectively without the help of soldiers and machine-guns. Two suggestions about this "way" may be in order. Money is a necessity to such countries as Mexico, and money can be loaned in a spirit and under such conditions as will make our neighbors respect rather than suspect us. We may rightly demand safety, and safety implies orderly, civilized government. We may likewise ask for a legitimate return, and that involves intelligent, reasonable coöperation. But we cannot insist upon exploitation without ruining our own investments and destroying the influence of our collective opinion. Secondly, there is really a place for good-will in the relations between nations. We here need not be afraid of aggression on the part of any neighbor, in the same way as France has felt obliged to fear aggression. But Latin America is afraid, and we must admit that existing interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine have given it some just cause.

The coming Pan-American Congress cannot settle all the details of our disagreements with nations to the South. It cannot with one stroke of the pen change the status of Haiti, San Domingo or Nicaragua. Nor is it possible to develop at once some closely-knit association of peoples. South America is not unified by any social, economic or political concept of solidarity. But we believe the conference has the power to make one important advance. It can suggest that it does not consider itself the only "civilized" power in the new world—a point of view which the Roosevelt message seemed to imply, and which subsequent actions have certainly embodied. It can, through the eminent gentlemen who constitute the United States delegation, welcome coöperation, and begin to make a search for the right method. How necessary such effort is has been made abundantly clear, we believe, not merely by varied antagonisms which have their origins in economic disturbances, but also, verily, in the revolt against civic decency in Mexico—an outrage which no civilized nation can regard with equanimity and which the people of a thousand saints have endured for much too long a time.

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WEEK BY WEEK

COMMENT on the latest encyclical letter of Pope Pius XI, which reached this country, in condensed form, on January 10, has been freely offered by press and pulpit. In spite of the announcement by one of the news services that a translation furnished later to its subscribers is complete, The Commonweal is content to await the arrival of the document itself before attempting to analyze the pronouncement of His Holiness. It is obvious that the longer translation is in parts confusing, if not inaccurate. One thing is of course certain: while Pope Pius, in his capacity as Shepherd of the One Fold, finds it necessary to explain in definite terms the dangers of what is called Pan-Christianity and to warn against attempts to classify the Church as one of the sects, he does not seek to restrain Catholics from coöperation with others not of the Faith in works of benevolence and charity not compromising their relationship to the See of Peter. This should be evident to all who have followed the course of the present Pontiff himself in the matter of relief in Russia and the near East, where his representatives were sent to succor the needy, with strict instructions to serve as almoners, but not as proselytizers.

THAT the visits to Washington of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier, and Lord Willingdon, the Governor-General of the dominion, are to be returned by Secretary of State Kellogg, who will spend several days in Ottawa, is cause of satisfaction to all who wish for better understanding between citizens of the United States and their neighbors to the north. Much water has flowed over the falls at Niagara since the day when deputations from Ottawa to Washington consisted of ministers begging in vain for some reciprocal trade agreement. More than a quarter of a century has passed since a strongly entrenched political party, adopting reciprocity as the chief plank of its general election platform, went down to ignominious defeat on the cry of the Canadians grown weary of petitioning: "No truck or trade with the Yankees!" The appointment of an American minister to Ottawa and a Canadian minister to Washington did much to make for better feeling, as well as more sensible adjustment of irritating causes of complaint on both sides of the border. The interchange of friendly visits by high officials should enlarge respect and stimulate cordiality between all classes of the community, here and in the dominion.

WHEN, in November, 1917, the eminent Chinese layman Vincent Ying addressed an eloquent appeal to Pope Benedict XV on behalf of his project for the establishment of a Catholic university at Pekin, he respectfully called the attention of the Holy Father to the fact that science had always proved an excellent means of attracting the Chinese to the truths of the Gospel. "It comes," he said, "from God and brings us back to Him." How wise was the prediction of the native scholar that his countrymen would eagerly seek a higher education under Catholic auspices, and how prudent was the action of the Supreme Pontiff in entrusting the erection of the Pekin University to the learned sons of Saint Benedict of the American Congregation, is shown in Bulletin Number 3, just issued by the University. Established less than three years ago, in competition with five non-Catholic institutions in Pekin and the immediate vicinity, all of which had cost more than a million dollars, the Catholic college has begun a new scholastic year with a student body of 150, selected from 265 applicants because of lack of facilities to handle the larger number. Inspired by the encyclical letter of Pope Pius XI of February 28, 1926, on the importance of preparing natives of mission countries who later may be blessed with vocations for the priesthood, it is planned to acquire a tract of land contiguous to the university grounds and the buildings thereon.

POLITICIANS and those who make a living by recording their acts and their mental processes are amusing folk. One of the latter reports in a Washington despatch to the New York Evening Post is that "Washington gossip is almost unanimous" in naming Ogden L. Mills as Secretary of the Treasury in President Hoover's Cabinet, if Hoover is nominated and elected. The despatch rings true; this sort of parlor game is the politicians' favorite indoor sport. By the end of the month they will have, not alone the Secretary of the Treasury, but Hoover's Cabinet, picked out for him; and this despite the fact that Mr. Hoover has yet to

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take two high hurdles—Kansas City and November. Another harmless and comic variation of this indoor sport is thinking up the vice-presidential candidate. "California is for Hoover for President and Blank Dash for Vice-President" is the kind of "news" we shall shortly be reading. And yet even a politician, of all men the type that knows least about politics, should have learned by this time that wherever there is a contest over the presidential nomination, and generally where there is none, the vice-presidential candidate has to be picked at the last moment in the convention city itself. Nobody by taking thought can name a Vice-President. The classic cases in proof of the contrary are Arthur, Roosevelt, Coolidge and Dawes.

THE release from prison of Messrs. Harvey and Doty, buck privates (or words to that effect) in the French Foreign Legion, as "an act of international courtesy," ends an unpleasant incident. It also raises the question whether the famous colonial corps is worth the occasional jars it gives to good feeling outside of France. The obscurity under which the history and organization of this unique body rested before the war is only equaled by the light thrown upon it since, mostly in the interests of the sensation-monger. Those who have met old legionaries before the whole thing became matter for the screen, and have heard their sober stories, are inclined to add a large grain of salt to later accounts. Doubtless the character of the corps has suffered in recent years. It was founded by Louis Philippe at a time when Europe was full of political exiles in dire need of bread and willing to earn French citizenship with their blood and sweat. A certificate of good character from the parish priest of the raw recruit was even demanded in very early days, though it could be, and doubtless often was, dispensed with. The separation of Alsace-Lorraine from France filled the ranks of the Legion with a stable element from which most of the non-commissioned officers were drawn, and there was always a sprinkling of adventurous Irishmen, anxious, for their own very good reasons, to learn something of the art of war. Most of these conditions have ceased to exist. National sensitiveness has grown more acute, and it would not be bad news for the world at large to hear that the story of the Légion Etrangère was part of the colorful past.

IN DISCUSSING companionate marriage before the Culture Club in Irving Plaza Hall, New York, last week, Dr. A. A. Brill did not waste time in unfolding complexes or weighing reactions. In short, direct sentences packed with common sense, he told why the so-called marriages of this kind cannot succeed; why, as he expressed it, free love is only "another delusion." One basic fact was bluntly presented: "Very seldom do a man and a woman tire of one another at the same time. When one becomes tired, the other will do everything possible to prevent the dissolution of the relationship." Then, mirabile dictu, the speaker concluded by remarking that there appeared to be no ideal solution of the problems of marriage in any of its forms. That a relationship entered into as a sacrament should inspire each of the contracting parties with determination to "do everything possible to prevent the dissolution of the relationship," did not seem to have occurred to him.

MR. DEETS PICKETT, chairman of the committee of arrangements for the conference of dry organizations to be held in Washington on January 26, has issued a statement on the purposes of the gathering. In announcing that the dry forces of the nation are united in their determination to defeat all wet candidates of whatever party, he declares that "personal liberty must wait on public weal and walk with law." There is the sound of brass and tinkling of cymbals in the well-turned sentence; it might have come down to us from the records of a parliament which was more concerned with the loyalty than the liberty of those who lived in America, and always particularly concerned in the neat expression of an abstract idea. As a condition and not a well-expressed theory, the colonists tried it, waiting on the public weal as their lords and masters saw it, until one day they began to count up the faults of those who kept them waiting. They walked with law until they found themselves, heartsick as well as footsore, walking into rebellion and determination to change the law. Their descendants have waited, year after year, on the public weal. In its name they have seen the public money poured out in hundreds of millions—with the sole result that instead of walking with law, they were lucky if they could walk three blocks without being shot, because of the law. It will take more than pretty phrases to continue present conditions indefinitely.

WHAT is there about the job of custodian of temperance and morals that so often impels these gentlemen to the utterance of cheap and clownish vulgarity? Here, for instance, are a few extracts from the official "statement" for the New Year issued by the New York State Superintendent of the Anti-saloon League, surveying the situation at the dawn of 1928: "Governor Smith has an LL.D. and often interprets the law on prohibition issues. His interpretations sound pretty well until the Supreme Court passes on the questions and then about all that is left of him is tweedle D. D. . . . It was always thus: Wadsworth and booze first—the party afterward. For him [ex-Senator Wadsworth] a resolution, 'Resolved, That I can recognize a dead one without calling the coroner. . . .' He [Dr. Butler] has been for liquor for a long time. It is not necessary to inquire here the reason for his advocacy. It may be an intellectual attachment or there may be some kindred tie which makes him so vocal in behalf of hooch. . . . Then there is Jimmy Walker, the elfin Mayor of New York, the Lindbergh of the Smith administration. For years now he has

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been the 'Heir Ambassador.'" For what reason do so many of the guardians of the new morality delight in these melancholy exhibits of mental inadequacy? Certainly it does not make a vote; it does not incline a single wavering mind to their views, it gives no adversary any concern. The only reason that suggests itself is that these things are said not for any such intention, but to give delight to the people who are putting up the "contributions." What a light that explanation sheds on their intellectual stature!

THIS year's ninth annual convention of Newman Clubs, New York City, was a fine proof of the steady advancement made by the movement. An attendance of more than one thousand at the communion Mass and the breakfast which followed was most inspiring and encouraging in itself. The sight of so many young people rallied to the support of a religious and educational cause must have impressed upon every spectator that what may be called the "germs" of earnest cooperation do exist among American Catholics. Every year brings, as a matter of course, its illustrious speakers. Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, now president of City College, Miss Agnes Repplier, Dr. Joseph Reilly and the Reverend J. Elliot Ross brought to the present gathering a wealth of good counsel. One does not know how to express the significance of the Newman Clubs in this day and age. They are, of course, primarily media for religious ministration and instruction to students whose collegiate environment is otherwise almost purely secular. Beyond that, however, they have grown into genuine associations for the noblest of services, and affix to the individual a consciousness of group purpose which lasts on for many years after the academic degree has been earned.

THAT Mr. J. Alfred Spender should have chosen as his theme for the Isaac Bromley lecture, delivered at Yale, the influence of mechanism on the mind, with particular reference to modern methods of newspaper production, was as fitting as it was fortunate. The former editor of the Westminster Gazette was for many years a strong individual force in British journalism. He had opinions and he advanced them courageously and clearly. Naturally he is alarmed when he sees, here and in his own country, once great newspapers yielding more and more to mechanistic pressure and becoming solely publications for profit. He is saddened by "a trivial, irresponsible and purely commercial press," which he very properly regards as a danger to democracy. Of course the purely commercial newspaper must be irresponsible, because it is invariably trivial. Journals such as the Manchester Guardian, which appreciate their opportunities as well as their obligations on the editorial page, know that every trivial item in their news columns detracts from their editorial power as molders of public opinion. The tendency of the mechanistic press in offering what it thinks "the public wants," is to create a class of newspaper readers entirely unable to understand what an editorial writer with definite opinions on any subject is offering for their consideration.

IN THE January American Mercury, Mr. H. L. Mencken drops an unintentionally thought-provoking remark: "Try to figure out what a competent Freudian would have made of Saint Louis, or the Cid, or Washington, or even Robert E. Lee." There is nothing extreme about this. That very thing is what "competent Freudians" are for. "Competent Freudians" have already psychoanalyzed—or muckraked, to use the older and more fitting word—Saint Joan of Arc; and who is "even Robert E. Lee," that he should escape? Just what a "competent" Freudian is may seem hard of definition, but really is not; in the present frame of mind toward them any Freudian who can navigate at all is competent. The wilder the nonsense, the more "competent" the Freudian. If this seems a strong saying, it is only necessary to remind the reader that André Tridon is being quoted with respect by "competent Freudians"—competent within the meaning of the definition here given. There does not seem any reason why the competent Freudians should stop with "even Robert E. Lee"; and since they are as plentiful as summer flies, probably some of them will not.

THOSE delvers into science who give reign to theories that flowers have souls or that rocks converse may now utilize the federal government itself as a substantiating witness. On page 949 of the current Congressional Record appears the text of A Memorial of a Bottle of Fine Old Madeira to Congress. Senator Bruce of Maryland, who presented the memorial and had it read to the Senate, declares that he wrote it "at the request of the memorialist," if not under its direct inspiration. The petitioner, says the memorial, was formerly held in high repute in the United States of America and is still considered a necessity at social gatherings "in all truly civilized countries, but that it was reduced to its present circumstances because an amendment to the federal Constitution has gone into effect which should never have been initiated by your honorable body; that it was ratified in an hour of hysteria brought about by the overstrained feelings of the world war and of political fears and hopes produced by the enormous sums of money expended by the Anti-saloon League in browbeating or bribing legislative and other candidates." Then the memorialist asks that the Senate unite with the House of Representatives "to restore it to the honored place that it had in the social life of the United States before national prohibition established its odious régime of hypocrisy, perfidy . . . political corruption and bribery."

ALMOST everybody has a "common cold," wherefore the topic is seasonal and universally brought forward. Just now, however, there exists an especially good reason for taking it up. Mr. Francis P. Garvan,

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president and guiding spirit of the Chemical Foundation of New York, has announced that nearly $200,000 will be given to finance research into the history and genesis of the cold, under the direction of Johns Hopkins University. More money is promised if the amount should prove inadequate. Thus amply provisioned, Professor John J. Abel, whose chemical discoveries have revolutionized one or two departments of medicine, ought to be able to find out something of interest to us all. The market is heavily stocked with remedies supposed to cure the affliction, but "common cold" smiles cynically at all of them and continues to force its tyrannical rule upon nose and throat. This is said to cause a greater economic loss than working people incur from any other disease, and seems to play havoc with stenographers and saleswomen in particular. Professor Abel reminds us that "the various ramifications of the problem are extensive." But one may be sure that Mr. Garvan, whose public-spirited generosity has brought other difficult problems to a solution, will be satisfied only with something like success.

THE death of Thomas Hardy (a personal memoir of whom, by Sir Bertram Windle, will appear in the forthcoming issue of The Commonweal) is perhaps the greatest reason why literary history will always stress the year 1928. Much as one deplores certain of the metaphysical conclusions brought forward here and there in the Wessex Novels, it is a pleasure to pay tribute to the poetic grandeur of Hardy's art and to his profound sympathy for the lives of those round whom Gray flung the glory of the first great English romantic song. The dour but tenderly human histories of Clym Yeobright, Michael Henchard and Tess will move even the children of those who see Westminster Abbey crumble into dust. What a source of regret it is that to a man so richly endowed and perceptive there should have come no ray of the Light which illumines those who sit in darkness!

THE JEW AND JESUS

THE Jew has attained intellectual preëminence in many countries, but Germany is his most effective modern platform. That he has used it to good advantage is not more apparent from a consideration of philosophical and religious literature in the nineteenth century than it is from a view of general contemporary writing and thinking. Through translations the American public has come to know a great many novelists, playwrights, poets and philosophers who pass for Germans but are in reality Jews. In many respects the work of these men clings to varieties of speculation established by the Hebrew-Germanic rationalism typified by Strauss, but there are no less important differences and modifications. A good example is Dr. Emil Ludwig, author of a number of widely read biographies, who is now lecturing in the United States. Dr. Ludwig's real name is said to be Cohen. We bring up the point here only because the Pictorial Review, which furnishes so many American women with recipes and periodical literature, is now serializing a Life of Christ written by him.

We have not found time to analyze the separate installments of this serial carefully, but from what we have read we conclude that the work is, though manifectly colored by rationalism, quite reverent in tone. What does seem unfortunate is the failure of the publishers to inform their readers that here was a study of Jesus by a modern Jew. Such a declaration would have endowed the serial with an importance it could never otherwise possess. For the attitude of the modern Jew toward Christ is undergoing serious modifications and may in time prove an epoch-making religious solvent.

There exists, even now, of course, a solid Hebraic core that will not budge from a position grown traditional since (at least) the second century. This orthodox body resents any openminded approach to the personality of Christ, on the ground that He was merely a "rebel" against Jewish tradition and that nothing must weaken the memory of the persecutions sponsored by those who have, through the centuries, professed to serve His name. On the other hand there exists in several parts of the world a virile movement to win the Jews for the Christian faith. Perhaps the Anglican Church has been most energetic in promoting this effort. We are informed that groups of British Jews have been given an especial form of liturgy; and hand in hand with the Zionist adventure there went a kind of missionary crusade among the new settlers in Palestine.

We do not wish to diminish in any way the importance of either of these two groups. The first is something like the base of a triangle of which the second is the apex. It is our earnest hope that this relation may some day be simply reversed. Meanwhile, however, one must bear in mind that the great body of Hebraic intelligence—especially in so far as it is influenced by Germanic environment—is seeking a more rationalistic position in between. The strangely ignorant view which Georg Brandes espoused in his last book, which amounted to nothing more than a denial of the historical authenticity of Christ, belongs to a bygone age. There is every reason to believe we shall hear little of it in the future. The stand taken by Joseph Klausner, whose Jesus of Nazareth was published some four years ago, seems to be much more representative. Klausner, professor in the newly established Jewish university in Jerusalem, proclaimed the certainty of Christ's having been a historical person, expressed the highest admiration for His moral and mystical loftiness, but emphasized the conclusion that only one part of His teaching could be accepted by loyal Jews. The other part was held to be "anarchical."

Many will recall the storm fomented by the cordial reception given to Klausner's book by Rabbi

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Stephen Wise, who pushed several of the statements made therein farther than their author had intended. But it is not so well known that prominent Jewish rabbis and scholars in many parts of the world did likewise. There exists quite a corpus of modern Hebraic writing which admires the "mystical perfection" of Christ's life and teaching, and which devotes a good deal of time to considering the traditional Hebraic aspects of the New Testament. One feels certain that this view is prevailing over the blind and biased guesses of men like Brandes.

So far so good. Much can be gained from a study of Christianity in the light of Jewish tradition, as is shown by the admirable analysis of the parables made recently before the Roman Biblical Institute by Père Jousse. This admirable student of language seems to have revealed, for the first time, the true nature of the Saviour's language. On the other hand, it would manifestly be a pity if the Jews remained on the same terrain as Klausner occupies. That would imply a scientific rather than a religious gain. Nor must one forget that a vast multitude of the orthodox know absolutely nothing about Christian doctrine, excepting that it has been a source of persecution in so far as their ancestors are concerned. The evidences for this ignorance sometimes astonish the spectator. Perhaps the time is ripe for an increase of interest in the spiritual life of the race which, as the Old Testament indicates, was destined to take so sacred a part in the history of mankind. At any rate, one deplores the kind of thing which is now being palmed off under the signature of Dr. Emil Ludwig, for the Jew's sake no less than for that of many unstable Christians.

CHURCH AND STATE AGREE

THERE is nothing like evidence, in any case. No equitable court has ever rendered a decision on the basis of an intuition or a "hunch," and both history and current opinion are trying to imitate the courts in this respect. We consider this procedure especially praiseworthy in the debate of questions growing out of the relation between Church and state. So much of mere conjecture and prejudice still figures in public opinion regarding the attitude of the Holy See toward civil powers that there is a real necessity for studying the facts in the case thoroughly and honestly. Now none of these facts is half so important as the agreements now known as "concordats." They are legal contracts, signed by the Pope and the government in question and binding under both civil and canon law. They tell us in cold, black and white print precisely what the Vatican does when there exists a necessity for regulating its affairs within a given country. Concordats are arrived at for the most part, of course, with nations which are specifically Catholic in character and which maintain diplomatic relations with the Holy See. They must reveal, therefore, the full extent of the demands which the Church feels impelled to make.

The most recent concordat is that arrived at with the government of Lithuania. It comes as an aftermath to a very troubled period, in which the constant brushes with Poland had aroused violent nationalist feeling that had its repercussions even in Lithuanian Church circles. This state of mind is respected in the concordat, which specifies that "no part of the republic of Lithuania shall depend upon a bishop whose see is situated outside the boundaries of the Lithuanian state," that though the Holy See has the right to choose bishops, it will not do so until His Holiness has addressed the President of the republic "in order to make sure that he has no political reasons to raise against this choice," and that appointees to benefices shall not be either non-naturalized foreigners or "persons whose activities have been opposed to the security of the state." The ordinaries, moreover, are required to take an oath of fidelity in the presence of the President, promising among other things not to "participate in any agreement nor assist any plan which might bring harm to the Lithuanian state or the public order."

It is easy to see from this precedent that no principle would deter the Church from arriving at precisely the same kind of agreement with, say, the republic of Mexico. The effect of such stipulations is virtually to take the clergy out of the domain of political conflict and to render the Church independent of a possible change in government. For its part, the Holy See gains decided advantages. Most of these are likewise existing United States customs—the exemption of the clergy from military service, reservation of the power to appoint army chaplains, exemption of ecclesiastical buildings (but not ecclesiastics) from taxation, and the validity of religious mariage. A somewhat specialized arrangement is seen in the provisions covering the trial of churchmen for civil offenses. Here the tradition of canon law is respected, even though the status is clearly not mediaeval.

The relation between the Church and education in Lithuania is colored by the fact that the population is almost entirely Catholic. Religious instruction is made compulsory in all the public schools, and is to be given under the surveillance of the proper authorities. As in Austria, seminaries and novitiates receive a subsidy from the state, which also binds itself not to interfere with what is done in such establishments. From a Catholic point of view it is difficult to conceive of a more ideal solution of the scholastic problem. It relieves the Church of the burden of providing its own schools, and yet it preserves for the public all the benefits of religious instruction.

Anyone who is interested in seeing the entire document will find the complete French version in the Acta Apostolicae Sedis for December 10, 1927. One earnestly hopes that those who are seriously worried over the matter of "papal encroachments" and so forth will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to get a ringside view of it all.

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NAVAL POLICY OR NAVAL PROGRAM?

By JOHN CARTER

FOR the first time in five years the government finds itself forced to weigh the advantages of a naval program as against a naval policy. In 1921 the United States had a naval program, based on the original building scheme of 1916 and elaborated in 1919 as a result of President Wilson's cable from Paris for "incomparably the most adequate navy in the world." By 1925 this program would have given us the strongest battle-fleet on the face of the globe. Secretary Hughes, at the Washington Conference, weighed the advantage of this program as against our fixed naval policy, and sacrificed the program without entirely achieving the policy.

The Hughes policy, which underlay the spectacular scrapping of partially completed battleships by the United States and of obsolete warcraft and blue-prints by Japan and Great Britain, was, briefly, the mutualization of responsibility for the peace of the Pacific. The Nine-Power treaty respecting Chinese integrity and providing for the open door, the treaty of mutual guarantee for the insular possessions of the Pacific powers, were fundamental to a policy for which we paid the heavy price of potential naval superiority and of ability to defend the Philippines.

For five years, resting on the good faith of the other parties to these agreements, Washington declined to enter into any sort of naval construction. Only when it had become apparent that the programs of every other party to the Five-Power treaty of naval limitation considered the state of the exchequer the sole limit so far as naval construction was concerned, did we decide to build a navy comparable to those of the other powers.

Before deciding to assess responsibility for the new spirit of rival construction, it is well to remember that the British navy today possesses a force of sixty-four cruisers built and building, of which only thirty-five were commissioned before the armistice; that Japan's post-Washington navy includes fourteen new cruisers, thirty-nine new destroyers, forty-three new submarines, and is proceeding with replacement programs, one of which (1926-1929) involves the completion of four 10,000-ton cruisers, nineteen destroyers, four submarines and an aircraft carrier, and calls for a total outlay of $211,648,000 by a comparatively poor nation in the next five years; and that both France and Italy have been building fast 10,000-ton cruisers and sea-going submarines as rapidly as their resources permit them to.

The Coolidge administration strove to impose the Hughes formula of 1921 on the Geneva conferences last summer and failed, largely because everyone but ourselves wanted it to fail and because the British had the courage to come out and take responsibility for its failure. At the time it was freely rumored in high service circles that the strategy of this move was, first, to prevent any inflammation of Japanese-American relations by permitting the Japanese representatives to assume the gracious rôle of the friends of peace, economy and compromise; secondly, to permit an Anglo-American misunderstanding to pave the way for a renewal of a tacit Anglo-Japanese entente; thirdly, to rely upon England's well-tried mastery of the sources of world opinion to put the United States in the wrong, as an aggressor in naval competition, in the event of an American effort to catch up with the British and Japanese construction of 1922-1927; and fourthly—the object of this concatenation of events—to permit Great Britain and Japan to approach the Chinese situation with a joint policy which would ignore American principles and interests.

While this explanation of events is rather fine-spun, it at least serves to bring the matter up to date. The administration has introduced to Congress a naval bill which promises at least the construction of an adequate cruiser force, together with such subsidiary types as destroyer leaders, fleet submarines and light aircraft-carriers. With considerable political acumen, the initial proposals were put at a maximum figure, which will allow for congressional revision calculated to take the sting out of the final authorized program. No one can predict the course of the naval bill in committee or on the floor of the House, but it seems reasonably safe to assume that the final result will provide for the annual construction of five 10,000-ton cruisers in 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931 and 1932, a total of twenty-five in addition to the eight which are now either building or projected.

Here, however, is where the House has an opportunity to go beyond its grateful function of signing on the dotted line. The type of naval vessel needed is distinctly a problem for the Navy Department. In the intricate field of naval engineering a layman's opinion is impertinence and Congress should be wary about tinkering with the program laid before it. The use to which this program may be put is, however, well within the province of the Congress. The same revolver may serve a householder to protect his property, a policeman to enforce the law and a gunman to commit highway robbery. The quarrel is not with the weapon, but with the use to which it is put. Similarly, Congress should not concern itself with the technical details of a naval program, but should embrace the opportunity to formulate the basic features of American naval policy.

What is America's naval policy? This is a question which concerns London and Tokio almost as intimately as it does New York or Washington. The American

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public, bless its little heart, hasn't the foggiest idea of what it is all about, so it swallows the idea that "parity" with Great Britain is the American naval policy. So far as it is a policy at all, "parity" is simply a recognition on both sides of the Atlantic that neither of the Anglo-Saxon powers regards the other as a possible enemy. So far as "parity" is a domestic issue, it is simply a slogan, and one as dangerous, unless clarified, as the pre-war British slogan of "two keels for one."

The answer to the question is, of course, that America has several naval policies, all of them sound and all of them tested by experience and approved by public opinion. Back of them all lies the fundamental policy of assuring the safety of American sea-borne commerce.

Our only Atlantic policy is bound up with the conception of the freedom of the seas, the idea that "free ships make free goods." We fought the English once, in 1812, because they did not agree with us in this sentiment. In 1856 we refused to sign the Declaration of Paris, defining contraband, because the document did not include this principle. In 1914-1917, our State Department endeavored to wring British assent to this principle and might have done so had not our ambassador at London, Mr. Walter Hines Page, preferred the victory of British arms to the maritime interests of his own country. "Freedom of the seas" was included in the Fourteen Points, but was sunk without a trace by Mr. Wilson, when he sounded the depth of British hostility to this American policy. Mr. Wilson is said to have argued that "freedom of the seas" would be superfluous under the League of Nations, but British rejection of the protocol of 1924 was based, in part at least, on fear lest the British fleet, acting under League orders against an "aggressor," should find its economic and commercial blockade at odds with the American belief that an American ship not laden with contraband has a right to go to any port not under close blockade.

As British sea-power has won two great European wars by acting on the theory that at sea the sky's the limit, and as it intends to conserve unimpaired this valuable power of action, the American theory of neutral rights is a policy held in strict abeyance until the next time we find Great Britain violating its precepts.

Our most urgent and immediate naval policy is the defense of the Panama Canal. This means, first, that we intend to safeguard our domestic sea-borne trade. In 1926, 10,922,000 cargo tons of American shipping used the Canal in the inter-coastal trade; this is more than a third of the total traffic in the Canal. It means, too, that we shall use the full weight of our armament and our diplomacy to assure the stability of the governments in the Caribbean area, lest disturbed conditions provide the excuse, as in the past, for a strong naval power to seize a base threatening this vital line of communications. It means, moreover, that our naval strategists shall bend every effort to make of the Caribbean an American naval lake as completely under our control as the Mediterranean is under British control. It means, finally, that we shall be responsible to the world for the maintenance of order and respect for civilized usage in the countries between us and the South American continent, so far as this can be reconciled with a firm respect for the sovereignty of our sister republics.

Our third, and at present our most dramatic, naval policy is that of the Pacific. We have, through the Hughes treaty, mutualized some of our responsibility for the defense of Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines; we have, through the fostering of trade and the cultivation of friendly relations with the British dominions of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, demonstrated our sense of responsibility for democratic self-government in the last arena of unblushing imperialism; we have hoped for a restoration of order in China which might permit the application of those principles of tariff autonomy, territorial integrity and the open door which our representatives have sought to apply to eastern Asia.

But history, which has been with us in the Caribbean, has turned against us in China. The Chinese chaos continues; Japan tries alternative policies of conciliation and "peaceful penetration"; Great Britain uses every weapon in her armory to restore her prestige and recapture her markets; Russia stirs the caldron, adds sulphuric communism to our own nitric nationalism and applauds the detonation. France, Holland, Spain and Italy fish industriously in those troubled waters. The result is that eastern Asia is a great volcano from which almost any catastrophe may be expected. In this emergency—and it is none the less an emergency because it has lasted for fifteen years—our naval policy is not entirely ours to choose, except as it is a choice between protecting our peaceful commerce with the East and abdicating all pretense to have our interests or our ultimate policy protected. No one can regard the present conflagration on the further shores of the Pacific without realizing that fire apparatus rather than fire insurance is the present need.

Fire fighting, especially in the international sense, calls for drastic measures. Under no circumstances must the fire be allowed to spread in our direction. Sooner than that we must be prepared to use explosives. Already the flames are reaching out toward Tokio, Manila, Singapore, even India. For the Pacific, at least, our naval policy must be a naval program: when the emergency is past there will be time enough to reassert our true policy, of adequate political guarantees for American commerce.

For the protection to commerce is the real duty of naval policy. The British asked us at Geneva why we needed a navy since we are not dependent on foreign trade for our living. Our answer was that our coastwise trade alone was larger than Great Britain's total foreign trade; that our foreign trade, of $4,991,-

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783,000 exports and $4,669,318,000 imports, amounting to a total per capita trade of $76.69, was comparable to Britain's total foreign trade; that the entire coastwise and foreign trade of the United States was equal to one-half the entire trade of the British empire and that, unlike those of that empire, our trade routes were controlled by naval bases in the possession of other powers.

For example, our billion-dollar trade with Latin America lies at the mercy of British naval bases off the Atlantic coast and in the Caribbean; our three-and-a-half-billion-dollar trade with Europe is at the mercy of British, French and Italian sea-power; our two-billion-dollar trade with Asia is at the mercy of British and Japanese sea-power; and our half-billion-dollar commerce with Africa and Oceania can be ruined by any navy that can spare three or four light cruisers to go raiding.

The only answer to this vulnerability is the creation of a navy strong enough to mess up the shipping of any power that might have reason to desire to wipe out our commerce. A force of swift, powerful cruisers would both nullify the blockade value of a superiority in light cruisers and be able to throw off raiding vessels from time to time in order to play havoc with marine insurance rates and to keep enemy vessels in port for fear of capture.

These are the real elements in our naval policy and it is to be hoped that Congress will manage to use the present opportunity to make them known to the public and to those naval powers which profess bewilderment as to our need for a navy.

We need a navy to support our claim to the right of peaceful trade with all friendly nations, pending the establishment under durable guarantees of the principle of the freedom of the seas.

We need a navy to protect our vital maritime communications in the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea and the Panama Canal, pending the unmistakable proof that Europe has neither the will nor the power to secure an imperial position in this precarious area.

We need a navy to "observe" the ominous course of events in eastern Asia and to assure us that, when the final settlement is made, the policy of the open door and respect for Chinese sovereignty and territorial integrity will be maintained.

We need a navy to act as a sort of benevolent blackmail over the possible hostile enterprises of other naval powers against our sea-borne trade.

Prestige, "parity," imperialism, have nothing to do with it. The final disposition of our naval power must be sought, not in slogans but in our policies, and these, for all that they are long established, are too frequently forgotten, not only abroad but at home, by people who confuse a battleship with the use to which in certain circumstances it may be put.

EUROPE'S SPIRITUAL DILEMMA

I. THE RECOIL OF THE EAST

By HENRI MASSIS

(*The ensuing article is one of two taken from the text of Defence of the West, a book by M. Henri Massis which has aroused wide comment in Europe, and of which a version in English will shortly be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, of New York.—The Editors.*)

THE future of western civilization, indeed the future of mankind, is today in jeopardy. This is no imaginary peril, none of those dark forebodings that weak minds love to dwell upon, to feed and nourish their fearful distaste for all effort. There is no worse moral collapse, no more degrading misfortune for a people, than to yield to these nameless fears, to this terror of the future, which betray only the disorder of minds anxious and defeated in advance.

Therefore all those who are seeking to change us, to put a different bent on us, to turn us into other paths, never cease to prophesy our death throes, to appeal to our agonies, to call our culture in question, to throw doubt upon the worth of our possessions, in order finally to ruin our humanity in its principles. These prophets of disaster, the conspiracy of whose voices clash over the mangled body of Europe—it is against their designs that we have first of all to defend ourselves. The sole certain outcome of such propaganda, which is aimed far more at the overthrow of the order of the world than at its determination, can only be to make uneasiness universal and renunciation possible, to sap resistance and to darken counsel, to cause us to lose sight of the rules of preservation and to neglect the measures vital to our recovery. Of all the evils that afflict us there are none more to be feared than these.

But in refusing to give way to this fatal disorder, in which the individual recoils before the effort necessary to defend himself, we do not any the less appreciate the mortal danger overhanging Europe. There is no man of sense, no thinking man heedful of the future, who does not feel both the tragic greatness of the danger, and the stern need to serve in order to survive. These are no vague conjectures: the facts are "clear and pitiless," and things have left us no choice. The series of events as an outcome of which western civilization runs the risk of being engulfed or of falling into servitude can be understood by everybody: they are "in the newspapers."

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It is no longer a question now of those too exact forecasts which observers who are alive to the harmony between ideas and facts have been able to make in the light of experience, the nature of things and analogies drawn from history. The crisis of western civilization and the danger of Asiaticism are no longer questions reserved solely for the meditations of men of intellect. They are so important that at the present time they cross the path of the most sluggish and the most short-sighted policy. Even our governors, however devoid of imagination we may suppose them to be, however inclined to ignore spiritual realities, to leave out of account the crises of feelings and ideas which develop in the bosoms of those in whom great historic changes prepare their apparition, even our governors seem suddenly to have become aware of the danger.

As for the public conscience in France, the revolt of a Berber chieftain was required to give it a glimmering of the profound significance of an event that is less important for what it is than for what it presages. Until then the formidable problems raised by the awakening of the nations of Asia and Africa, united by bolshevism against western civilization, were scarcely understood at all. Let us hope that they will not become in their turn the commonplaces of a political system of ideas lacking severity and rigor, whose powerlessness to save anything whatever is covered by these ample pretexts in order to account for its embarrassment and to justify its inactivity.

There is an abundance of documents from which to obtain an exact notion of signs and things. Wherever you turn, appetites and mysticisms, the spiritual and the temporal, are closely intermingled. There is nothing that is not questioned and that does not appear ready to be translated into action. It seems as though there were in preparation a complete reordering of humanity, a clashing of its contradictory ideals, of its dissimilar vital principles and its heterogeneous systems of knowledge—and this in the midst of the fever of the Asiatic peoples, aware of the discord in Europe, whose "ideas" will have served merely to awaken their instincts and exasperate their jealousies and mistrusts.

At the very moment when technical progress seemed to be on the point of bringing about the unity of the human race, there occurred the most complete rupture of equilibrium that the world had ever known. For, as Charles Maurras has well observed,

> The human race is less united than it was under Titus, when all the civilized peoples were grouped under the fasces. The human race is less united than it was in the time of Saint Louis, when all the Christian peoples were confederated under the triple crown.

The facility of material communications, which was, according to democratic doctrines, to bring about a union of minds, has made the world uniform but has not united it; for "matter is essentially a divider and men communicate only on the immaterial plane."

Thought, which is subdued to the character of national temperament, displays its incompatible differences. Where, demands Jacques Maritain, are the

> happy civilizations of ancient Greece and of the France of former days, which were candid as the intelligence, and in which, in the most national of soils, took root a most universal and most human thought?

The nations, like so many schisms, are set up against one another as antagonistic concepts that claim to enthrall the very essence of the mind. But the mind is cruelly wounded; it has become materialized in its turn, and seems to have lost all consciousness of its own purpose. Mechanical progress has so thoroughly corrupted it that nothing in the deadly dreams of the utopians can be compared to its positive results. We are threatened with destruction by the very means by which we thought to live.

We see what is at the end of this stupid greed for material power that has diverted the West from its true mission. Europe, "the brain of a vast body," whose movements it no longer controls, is in a state against nature, and it cannot remain there. The war merely precipitated the course of events. On the very threshold of this inhuman age—in 1905—Charles Maurras prophesied the consequences of these degrading follies in words ringing with the melancholy of wasted foresight:

> The whole of the nineteenth century has been but one long scientific, industrial and commercial effort to extend the scope of human power, to arrange the whole earth and to multiply civilization by the sacrifice of barbarian labor. . . . But the barbarian is by no means a vassal; he is arming, he is making progress, and he is threatening. Civilization does not form a compact and united body; it has its followers, its black and yellow mercenaries. Imprudences and errors will have to be paid for, as they have been paid for in the course of history, at the price of blood.

Twenty years have passed. European unity, which had been spiritually undone since the Reformation, was physically broken in 1914. It required nearly four centuries before the great western schism, morally accomplished at the very beginning of modern times, and completed politically by the Revolution, fully developed all its deadly powers. We are confronted today with the tragic epilogue to this inhuman and hideous division. It is civilization, the idea even of civilization, of which Europe claimed to be the holder, that is most deeply wounded. In the eyes of that part of the world which lived in the illusion of our homogeneity, civilization seems vanquished. The war has made it unrecognizable.

Cited as their witness by all the nations whom the struggle had brought to the clash of arms, called and enrolled in the service of their rival propagandas, "civilization" excused everything, justified everything. Did not each of the groups, mad in their own destruction, claim to be the only one engaged in the defense

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of civilization? And the terrible work, in which souls were as bitterly opposed as bodies, went on under the invocation by all of the same obscure deity. The just reasons for the war—the struggle for our native soil and for political independence—no longer seemed sufficient causes. It became necessary to bring into the conflict spiritual and moral values, philosophies and dogmas, traditions and beliefs; to mobilize, under the adverse banners of law and justice the whole crowd of divine personages. Now these idols are themselves laid waste, even more than the battlefields. In the midst of the tumult of discordant voices, the least that could be said was that the same words did not stand for the same things, and that those who used them betrayed not only their state of conflict but also that they were divided in their very being, in their thoughts, in their soul, on the essential thing in life. Civilization might very well mean matter and number, everything which creates antagonism of appetites and cupidities, and gives rise to massacres and destruction, but it did not form that common good on the strength of which it claims to impose itself on the rest of the world. The result has been a terrible crisis, a mental disorder, of which it is not yet possible to measure the effects.

Even more than the spectacle of the broils of war, the discords of Europe, where all shades of opinion are tearing each other to pieces, have singularly weakened our prestige as "civilized peoples" in the eyes of the Asiatics.

Asia, which has for so long a time suffered under the domination of the western yoke, is not only overjoyed to see Europeans vilified and beaten down by themselves; it has remembered the grievances and accusations that were spread by an imprudent propaganda to the farthest limits of the oriental world. And here is this world, both judge and party in the huge lawsuit we have instituted over the whole face of the globe; it gives evidence in its turn, and throws into the debate all the title-deeds of its past, all that we have taught it to remember. We may have laid aside our arms; the battle of ideas continues. Our ideas no longer belong to us. The words we used in order to enroll our mercenaries, to rally them to the defense of "civilization and right," are taken up and turned against us by the mercenaries. It was inevitable that it should come to this.

All travelers, all foreigners who have lived long in the far East, assure us that in ten years minds have changed more profoundly than in ten centuries. The old easy submission has been succeeded by a secret hostility, a veritable hatred that awaits only the favorable moment to be translated into action. From Calcutta to Shanghai, from the Mongolian steppes to the plains of Anatolia, the whole of Asia is stirred by an inexorable desire for freedom. The supremacy to which Europe has been accustomed since the day when John Sobieski finally checked the onrush of the Turks and the Tartars beneath the walls of Vienna, is no longer recognized by the Asiatic peoples. All these peoples are aspiring after the recovery of their unity against the "white man," whose overthrow they proclaim.

The underlying reasons for this enormous recoil have been correctly stated by Abel Bonnard at the end of the story of his travels, En Chine:

> Simultaneously with the practice of a policy of domination, the white man spread ideas of equality; one day his ideas had to come into conflict with his actions. There is no doubt that new theories and principles for a long time have no result, remain as it were suspended in the air; and it really is a little too convenient at certain epochs, to take credit for liberal ideas, while at the same time profiting by the solidity of a world with the making of which liberalism had nothing to do. But these times are over. We are living in a period of penalties and consequences, in one of those dramatic eras when words take on flesh and press to be recognized as things. . . . Custom has deadened these words for us, but they recover their full effect when they are exercised on newer races. . . . By a combination of events which makes the drama still more startling, it is at the very moment when the white man is on the point, if not of giving up the ideas in which he believed, at least of subjecting them to a severer scrutiny, that he sees these ideas escaping from him and a claim to benefit by them being put forward by other men. . . . Just when the principles of the modern world were about to be judged by the result of a first trial, another experiment was set on foot, vaster and more summary still, positively terrifying in its universal character.

Called forth by the idols of the West, the Asiatic crisis comes to a head at the moment when the West is turning away from them and is beginning to doubt their value.

Does Europe wish to save itself, or will it continue to slide down the slope of a general surrender which is fostered by the negative doctrines of its being? Does it believe itself to be immune from the intellectual, political and mystical ideals of the East, which is taking advantage of the state of reduced resistance in which it has surprised Europe, to deaden its will and to destroy the last germs of unity that survive in it? For Asia is not seeking merely to arouse its native peoples to revolt in order to deprive our impoverished continent of the immense resources Asia holds. It is the soul of the West that the East wishes to attack, that soul, divided, uncertain of its principles, confusedly eager for spiritual liberation, and all the more ready to destroy itself in that it has of itself departed from its historical civilizing order and its tradition.

On the pretext of bringing us what we need, a certain kind of Asiaticism is disposing us to the final dispersal of the heritage of our culture and of all that which enables the man of the West still to keep himself upright on his feet. We say "a certain Asiaticism." But we wish to dispel, at the outset, any misunderstandings that might arise in the mind of the reader. When we speak of an "Asiatic peril," we are not accusing the East, in general, but denouncing the philosophic, moral and social errors and

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the dubious idealism which oriental propagandists, educated in our schools and served by certain European idea-mongers, set up in the name of the East against the West. Between these two worlds we are not assuming irreducible antagonisms, founded on differences of nature and of race. We are not attacking the East, nor defending the West without distinction and en bloc. These great vocables designate—we know—complex and different aggregates; but how is it possible not to use them in order to synthesize certain facts and certain historical particularities, which form the characteristics of their cultures? Personality, unity, stability, authority, continuity—these are the root ideas of the West. We are asked to break these to pieces for the sake of a doubtful Asiaticism in which all the forces of the human personality dissolve and return to nothingness. We are asked to destroy the lineaments of man, which he has spent long years and methodical and persevering efforts in acquiring.

Received without misgivings by curious minds that are attracted by any novelty and unsettled by any revelation, propaganda of this kind sows the seeds of spiritual anarchy in a troubled world, where too many decomposing mixtures eddy for it not to create opportunities for the desired upheavals. For this reason, we shall see it following the track of all the destructive fictions. For the civilization of the West is today attacked with all the resources, all the powers, all the masks and all the ruses of the mind. Let the forces of the mind organize the defense.

THE LEAGUE AND THE PAPACY: II

By GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD

IN THE previous article a terminology was used still unhappily familiar to the world, which spoke of the new front which Catholics find opposed to their ideals in the League of Nations. Is this front to be further extended by the inclusion of bolshevism?

The delegation from Moscow to the economic conference was composed of propagandists disguised as economists. It was a carefully hand-picked affair. All the five delegates (without reckoning their assistants, to the number of twenty) belonged to the extreme left wing of bolshevism. All five were already at home in Geneva. The practical result of their participation was negligible for the conference itself, dangerous for the League, but highly advantageous to the Soviets.

It was negligible for the League of Nations because the minimum of coöperation which the League had a right to expect was not forthcoming. It was dangerous for the League because, in opening the doors of its technical and economic conferences to the Soviets, germs of intrigue and division were introduced of a nature to weaken it still further. It was of advantage for the Soviets because they succeeded for the first time in finding a permanent footing at Geneva, a thing they had long desired without admitting it, and because the economic conference furnished them gratuitously with a world centre for their propaganda.

The consequences of their entry are particularly interesting for Catholics. In the first place, it is certain that the Soviets will strive, little by little, to install a centre of espionage and propaganda for central Europe at Geneva, as they have already done at Vienna for eastern Europe, and as, only yesterday, they seemed to be doing in London. Their deleterious influence, which Pius XI recently denounced, is certain to be intensified as a result. In the second place, the presence of the bolshevists will be like a magnet, which will inevitably attract to them a large mass of the dubious and wavering which already swings to the left by force of its own ideology. Bolshevism will be certain to reinforce the anti-Catholic group. The delegates of the conference at Geneva have already established relations with the socialist party in that city, and with the international syndicate at Amsterdam. Their avowed end is to constitute a workers' bloc, which they hope (and not without reason) to dominate by the fusion into one body of all the internationals. It is especially to be feared that they will exercise a pernicious influence on the International Bureau of Labor, where a Russian section already exists, and that the situation of the Christian syndicates, already hard put to it to defend themselves, will be rendered harder.

But another consequence is this. When it admitted the participation of the bolshevists in its work, the League of Nations was already well aware that what they were face to face with here was not a nation, but an opinion. Bolshevism is first and foremost a dogma, a lay mystical religion, if you will, and the most redoubtable of any. The bolshevist government governs Russia, not for Russia's sake, but for the sake of its doctrines. To these doctrines it sacrifices Russia constantly and unhesitatingly. Even admitting that the régime of the Soviet can be called a government, it is impossible, in so far as it devotes itself to a world-wide propaganda on behalf of a doctrine, to consider it a government like others. By inviting the Soviets to the conference in Geneva, the League of Nations has created a precedent it would be well to bear in mind when, to justify the affront offered by it to the Pope, it will once more allege that the Holy See is not a government, or, at least, not one like others.

When we speak of the League of Nations a distinction becomes necessary. There is the official League of Nations, a governmental instrument, composed of responsible units. But around it another league circulates, composed of officious and irresponsible parties. The first body, under the direction and control of the

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assembly, is an aggregation of technical bodies charged with studying, and resolving if possible, all the questions which cannot be studied or solved otherwise than internationally. The second, by contrast, is a sort of utopian republic, a come-together and pandemonium of all the Freemasons, liberal Protestants, Jews, Socialists and pacifists of the earth and of the moon. The object of this second league is to transfer the first into a super-state, a super-ministry of universal instruction, a super-church opposed to the Catholic Church. It hovers around it very much as the Israelites, sounding their trumpets, marched around Jericho.

Freemasonry in particular exercises an unsleeping surveillance over the League of Nations. From the very beginning it seems to have considered the League peculiarly its own affair. It is true that disillusionments have not been spared. But it has never allowed them to discourage it. Despite the defection of American Masons (however authentic that may have been) and despite the financial losses suffered in consequence of the schism, Freemasonry has reorganized its forces and now forms an international body whose permanent seat is at Geneva. It has done more. Recently it decided to amalgamate in a special organization all its members who might belong to the various bureaus of the League of Nations, to commissions, delegations to the assembly, to the Secretariat-General and the International Bureau of Labor, etc. M. Valot, a French Mason, who is a member of the International Association of Journalists, has been charged with presiding over this body.

Documents exist which throw abundant light upon the ends which Freemasonry has in view. Its desire is to make of the League of Nations a super-state, equipped with all necessary powers, while the nations themselves are reduced to a merely provincial rôle. Recently, at Brussels, a resolution was adopted, according to which no limit is to be set to the competence of the League of Nations. In a special manner the League is relied upon to propagate the views of the lodges among the youth of Europe. In December, 1924, the Masonic centre at Geneva issued a confidential circular, inviting the Freemasons of the world to organize a world-wide propaganda in favor of an international bureau of education. This bureau was to be an adjunct of the League of Nations. Its task was to be the control of all school manuals, except those of a purely technical character, above all text-books of history, with a view of extirpating the spirit of nationalism (read "patriotism") and religious fanaticism (read "Catholicism.")

Always, according to this circular, the bureau proposed to make liberal use of the cinematograph. French Freemasonry in particular has recognized the importance of the screen as an instrument of anti-clerical propaganda. The 1925 assembly advised

> the utilization of the screen to reproduce republican films and to spread the spirit of Masonry through all the communes of France.

A member of the order whose anti-clerical activity is notorious, Senator Brenier, of the Isère, made the following statement in a report presented in May, 1926, to the congress of the League for Education:

> The clericals have their church, the only real public hall in the village. Laymen must have theirs too, and install a motion picture in it. . . . We want collections of films reserved solely for lay teaching.

These tendencies became still more apparent on the opening day of the International Cinematographic Congress, held at Paris, September 27 to October 3, 1926, at the headquarters of the International Institute for Intellectual Coöperation with the League of Nations. A proposal was even made to attach to this Institute an international bureau of scholastic cinemas. But the commission upon which the institute depends refused to ratify the project as outlined.

The chief instrument of which Freemasonry avails itself is the annual congress of National Associations for the League of Nations. It is interesting to note that ever since the initial congress of 1919 was held at Brussels, well-known Masons such as M. Aulard, Ferdinand Buisson, the late M. Quartier-la-Temte, have always succeeded in having resolutions passed committing the League of Nations to intervention in the educational domain and the acceptance in principle of an international bureau for this purpose. Different as the ends in view may be, Freemasonry finds itself here aligned with liberal Protestantism, especially Anglo-Saxon Protestants, and more particularly with the congresses of moral education. An international bureau of education actually exists at Geneva. It is a development of the Jean-Jacques Rousseau Institute and is largely maintained by American funds.

Up to the present, it is only fair to admit, these various activities have had little success in the League of Nations itself, which has over and over again declared that educational matters were outside its sphere. Two breaches, however, have been made in its resistance. The first dates back to 1925, in which year the assembly directed the Commission of Intellectual Coöperation, somewhat against the wish of the latter body, to examine by what means "the existence, the ends and the spirit of the Society of Nations might be best brought home to youth." The second was in the following year, when the Commission for the Protection of Childhood took under advisement the question of hygienic and sexual education.

My readers will already have taken note of one thing. It is not the League of Nations itself which constitutes a danger, but the species of "consortium" which we have arraigned, and which is seeking to conquer the League for its own ends by a system of continuous infiltration.

The method is a simple one. An international congress is organized to meet at Geneva. Care is taken to hide its extremist tendencies under a quasi-scientific title. Certain celebrities are invited to inscribe their

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names among a list of patrons, or to make addresses before it. The League of Nations is approached and asked to designate an observer, someone from whom a favorable report can be expected. At the end of its proceedings the congress constitutes itself a periodic affair and decides to open a permanent bureau at Geneva, to work in close touch with the secretariat or the bureau of labor. Little by little, the influence of this bureau grows. It contrives to have one of its heads, or at least someone who represents its tendencies, elected upon one of the big commissions, in the quality of technical adviser or expert. This person, in his turn, formulates some proposition which is discussed, and finally submitted for decision, first to the council, finally to the assembly. Even if the proposal suffers amendments during this process, there is every chance that something of the original will remain. A point in the game has been won, with every prospect of speedily winning another.

There is no doubt at all that this is the method the partisans of neo-Malthusianism proposed to employ. Encouraged by their success in the United States, in certain states of which their practices have received the consecration of actual law, in Great Britain and elsewhere, they believed the moment had arrived for them to make themselves heard by joining the trumpet chorus which is marching round the walls of the League of Nations.

From August 31 to September 3 of the past year, the first world congress upon population took place at Geneva. It was (we are informed by a program prudently edited later) the first congress of the sort. The same document informs us, in a passage subsequently deleted, that

> It was Malthus who a hundred years ago first called public attention to the problem which is imposed upon humanity by the rapid growth in the population of the world.

The congress declared that it would confine itself strictly to the scientific point of view, thereby eliminating at the start the social and moral aspects of the problem. In reality its intention was clear. Under an apparatus of scientific discussion, an exaltation of neo-Malthusianism was to be attempted.

The project in this case met with no success. And why? Simply because, warned sometime previous of the intentions of the advocates of neo-Malthusianism, the advocates of Christian morality had time to get together and to concert measures of resistance. The attempt to open a central bureau in Geneva failed, and the promoters have had to content themselves with one at Baltimore. The unlooked-for result of their activities has been the organization of the adversaries of birth control into an international body, entitled Pour la Vie et la Famille. The whole affair is a striking example of how good may come out of evil. It may be noted that in this case neither compromise nor abstention had anything to do with the process.

"MYSTICAL MATHEMATICKS"

By MARY ELLEN CHASE

I FIRST became aware of "mystical mathematicks" in the garden of Saint Hilda's Convent. I use the expression advisedly. Years ago, when I met and strightway loved Sir Thomas Browne, I read in The Garden of Cyrus how pentagons were discernible in maple leaves and rhombuses in lilac buds and how remarkable in nature is the number five. From some forgotten source I know, too, that Theophrastus demonstrated Euclid by means of stalks and veins of leaves, and that centuries later Albertus Magnus did the same as he paced his secluded cloister in Cologne. But knowing a thing is a very different matter from becoming aware of it, as everyone but the drabbest rationalist will readily grant.

The first is a definite process and the goal, once reached, is, for the time being at least, secure; the second is too disorderly to be termed a process and its goal is obscured in a haze of impressions. To accomplish the first one must seize upon and hold fast the thing to be learned; to become possessed of the second one has but to yield oneself, careless of the result, to whatever influence be abroad. The possession of knowledge may be secure and comforting like the tenets of an unshakable creed, or coherent and cruel like a rare dream of one loved and long since dead. Yet awareness in its slow and almost imperceptible conquest of the mind and the imagination is at once a thousandfold more comforting or more cruel.

But to return to Saint Hilda's, where I have been more than once a guest and a sojourner. In the comeliness of that retreat one notes with slow surprise how things long known become intimate and necessary or slip away as useless and intrusive. This growing awareness seems, indeed, to one who loves the place as much a feature of it as pigeons are a feature of Saint Mark's or as rooks, circling through long, slow English twilights about its grey and ruined arches, are a feature of the old nunnery at Godstowe on the Thames.

And yet an attempt to trace such an impression to its source is baffling and unsatisfying. Does it perchance have its birth in the well-ordered convent days which clarify by their insistence upon the essentials of work and worship? Or in the very fact that here life is shorn of accessories and that space is therefore left for intimate and necessary knowledge and perception? Socrates, one recalls, defines a man clear of non-essentials as most nearly approaching the Godhead. Or is there a clue to it in the coöperative labor of each and all for the common welfare, in which Saint Benedict himself discerned such inestimable good? Which query leads us back to the garden and to the "mystical mathematicks" of Sister Irenaeus and of Plato.

Sister Irenaeus is the gardener of Saint Hilda's. One surmises that a century hence she will be the patron saint of that plot of rather unpromising soil which

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she has made to bring forth and blossom. For, her own day being over and mayhap a less tenacious successor in charge, one imagines her restless and anxious spirit performing miracles on summer nights in sheer exasperation and self-defense! She has the indomitable energy of Lamb's Mrs. Battle, though softened and humanized by the more refining character of her lovelier occupation.

Early meditation, Mass and breakfast being over, she leaves the cloister for the lawn, her generous feet imprinting the dew-laden grass with quick, decisive marks of darker green as she makes for the little avenue of poplar trees which gives access to her domain. A hundred times I have seen her pause upon the first of the flag-stones between the first of the poplars. To the outward eye she is looking at the meadows which slope to the great river and on the other side rise again to wooded bluffs, or at the wide, free spaces of sky which never fail to impress the beholder as unreal, or at the reflection of the chapel tower in the tiny lake. But in reality I believe that, like Saint Rose of Lima in her own garden, her feet are inevitably stayed at the entrance to her earthly paradise by a sweeping sense of the abundant mercies of God.

Once within the garden she begins to render concrete thanks for her benefits. Seldom is gratitude so prodigal. It takes her but a moment in the little greenhouse to divest herself of the tight undersleeves of her habit, to change her fresh guimpe for one already soiled, to tie about her waist her big black apron. She gives her heavy rubbers several smart whacks against the cement floor, not, obviously, to assure herself that they are on, but perhaps merely to give the signal for the release of her energy. Then she seizes her tools and makes for the borders to wage a morning's warfare against cutworms, to transplant snapdragons, or to tie up foxgloves recalcitrant after a night's windy rain.

She works with a fine, rhythmic zest. Cultivating, she goes down and up the borders, drawing her fork in a zigzag fashion in and out among the plants, never too close, never too far away for the best results. The wide skirts of her habit sway in unison with the motion of her body. Transplanting, she kneels, plants, and rises as though she were keeping time to some rhythmic undertone of the earth.

By the other nuns she is regarded as somewhat remote, even inaccessible. Perhaps they dread her scorn of their ignorance of regal delphiniums and love-in-a-mist, her ill-concealed impatience at their acceptance of a garden as a matter of course. I myself, having been captivated by the foxgloves during her hours of meditation, and homesick for my own garden tools, determined early in the summer upon rash measures. She found me one morning after Mass with a dozen cutworms, disemboweled from the lupine roots, to my credit, and she accepted me without a word.

Thereafter we worked together. I hope by my industry I justified in her eyes my heretofore idle existence. By degrees, at all events, we came to share the daily romances of the gardener—the successful transplanting of unlikely seedlings, the high mortality of insects, the new flowerings of every night. We arrived at length at colloquies. With what blooms should we honor Saint Joseph on the coming Wednesday? Would larkspurs of a purple shade mar the blue harmony on the altar of the Blessed Virgin? In mid-morning there came from the convent kitchen cold milk with crackers, and, regardless of grimy hands, we ate and drank in the shadow of the hedge. There I told Sister Irenaeus of the riotous garden at Sonning Lock on the Thames which has taken prizes among all the lock gardens, of the cedars of Lebanon which of themselves make a garden in the cloister close of Salisbury, and of a German garden I once knew whose beds of pink geraniums and purple heliotrope matched a pink house with purple shutters. She liked as little as Bacon the picture of formal English gardens whose hedges are clipped in grotesque figures, but she never tired of a certain secluded garden in Devonshire whose bronze wallflowers clamber down the stern face of the cliff to meet the incoming tide.

In August twilights between supper and the call to night prayers we paced the walks, following their gentle decline toward the western leas; for Saint Hilda's garden is like that preferred by Sir William Temple, "an oblong upon a descent." Now, all clean and respectable, we could enjoy the fruits of our energy and labor. It was on one of these evenings, while the white lupines were pale ghosts of themselves in the dusk, that Sister Irenaeus told me of the eternal geometrizing of God. It was Plato's doctrine, she said, and her own, just as it must belong to all true gardeners and all true mathematicians. It was evident beyond the shadow of a doubt—in the concentric circles of the summer chrysanthemum, in the spirals of the Queen Anne's lace, in the axes of symmetry apparent in the leaves of elder and of ash.

When I left Saint Hilda's to return to a world less sensitive to "mystical mathematicks," I carried with me as Sister Irenaeus's gift a leaf of elder which she had waxed and mounted on white paper and which was supplemented by a proposition in geometry, expounded by means of mysterious letters and symbols. My unmathematical mind neither knows nor is aware of its meaning in geometrical terms, but it serves to bring back again that beneficence of Saint Hilda's which I have tried to suggest in these stupid and inadequate words. Mathematics more mystical than those apprehended by Sister Irenaeus and by Plato may be its Cause—who shall say?—but certain it is that the impression and the influence remain, alike as unmistakable and as intangible as air. There old knowledge brightens slowly into new; there the actuality of old truths is once more held fast and cherished—while the shadows of the poplars on the high lawns march and retreat and the notes of the chapel bells, sent hourly all day out over the wide meadows, come stealing back in darkness to the still tower of Our Lady of Victory.

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THE FAITH IN SWEDEN

By THOMAS WALSH

IT WILL interest not a few Swedish Americans among our citizens to read the statements of the Reverend Berndt David Assarsson in the current number of Saint Ansgar's Bulletin, published in New York, regarding the conditions of Catholic Swedes in that home country to which they honorably look back with feelings of tenderness and pride. Out of the new milieu of their life in our republic, it will seem strange to observe some of the traces of old religious wars which time has left behind, and to compare their new impressions in the life around them, in which Catholics are daily taking a more general part, with the state of mind that marks their Swedish brethren at home.

"The attitude of the Swedish government toward the Catholic Church," writes Father Assarsson, "is expressed in a legislation which in our days could not find its counterpart in any other country in the world. If a Swedish Catholic, whether he be a monk, a priest or even a bishop, needs a certificate of birth for the change of domicile, a passport, or for any other reason, then he must go to the Lutheran clergy, which has the exclusive right of keeping the parish registers and records in this country. Would it not be quite natural to think that these ordinances are reminiscences from the years 1500 or 1600? Not at all, this ordinance was introduced in 1911. Previous to that date the Catholic parishes in Sweden had the right to keep their own parish registers. This new decree made it impossible for the Catholic clergy to know when new Catholic arrivals settled down in Sweden or to keep in touch with them. Another law compels Catholics to pay tax to the Lutheran clergy of their respective parishes, and also to participate in the cost of maintenance of the Lutheran Church. The state Church also exacts the right to bury, according to its own rites, any Catholic citizen who has not officially given notice of his severance from the Protestant Church. He must twice, at an interval of two months, inform the Protestant authorities of his desire to join the Catholic Church. These summonses to the Lutheran authorities may often prove very painful to our converts. Is it not surprising that so many rigorous measures are still in force in our day, and in a country where religious liberty is recognized in principle?

"Public opinion in Sweden, impressed more and more by the principles of religious freedom, seems to be inclined to consider Catholics with true tolerance. The taste for historical studies and researches has developed more and more in Sweden. The old Catholic souvenirs are now studied and appreciated, and many scientific societies join their efforts to do justice to the Mother Church for the share she has had in the development of Swedish culture. Another important factor is that the Swedes, after the world war, have had occasion to travel more than ever before; they thus see more of the world and of the Catholic countries, and are able to study them at close range. The great war that changed so many frontiers also gave thought a wider berth. The people of the North, which has for so long erred and strayed in the incertitude of doubt, and which, in consequence, must suffer in the midst of so much religious discord and unbelief, begin now to feel the need of a true and infallible religion. Where will they find it, if not in the Faith of their fathers, which has braved so many storms during all times?"

Father Assarsson, furthermore, gives an account of the present-day condition of the Catholic missions in the different centres of Sweden. In Gothenburg, founded by the doughty Gustav Adolf himself, there is a parish conducted by the priests of the Saint Quentin Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and there are mission schools and homes conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph and the Sisters of Saint Elizabeth. In Malmoe, the mission founded by the venerable Father Count Bernhard von Stolberg, recently deceased in his ninetieth year, is conducted by some Dutch Fathers, aided by some Sisters of Saint Elizabeth, the sole representatives of the ancient and glorious Church of Scania and the powerful archbishops of Lund. In the far northern Gefle, in industrial Norrkoping, in Forsa and Oskarstrom, there are also chapels, so that we behold the three thousand Catholics of this vast land of Sweden with its six million inhabitants as widely scattered and removed from mutual support.

It is a painful picture, in spite of the hopefulness of recent developments, to study this noble race, deeply impregnated with religious instincts, fallen into doubt and confusion, and faintly lifting its heart above the dampening mists of its materialism and not infrequently in despair, toward a realm of religious peace and conviction, which in general has disappeared from its Protestant forms and its national life and thought.

COMMUNICATIONS

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In his communication to The Commonweal of January 4, Mr. Charles J. Byrnes emphasizes again his conviction "that prohibition has brought about a remarkable improvement in social conditions as compared with the social conditions that existed prior to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment," and "that the large consumption of alcoholic beverages has been very materially decreased by prohibition."

If sound, Mr. Byrnes's conclusions are of the utmost importance, since they strike at the very heart of opposing opinion. However, the generalizations that so frequently characterize the pronouncements of your correspondent on the subject of prohibition tend to indicate that he is not an authority on the subject of social security legislation whose opinions would be entitled to a high degree of credit.

For example he says: "Personal observations made before and since prohibition enactment, rather than questionable and contradictory statistics on the subject, have convinced me of the reality of improved conditions."

It is amazing that Mr. Byrnes fails to appreciate that personal observations, to have value in connection with the investigation of such a subject as the general or specific benefits of national prohibition, must necessarily be statistical and amenable to analysis and criticism.

Nevertheless it is entirely possible that I do Mr. Byrnes an injustice. It may be that he is a competent observer and investigator, regardless of his tendency to generalize. And therefore, since he writes on the subject so often and with such conviction, I take the liberty of seeking further information. For instance, I should like to know:

1. How many cases has Mr. Byrnes observed in which persons who drank to excess before prohibition now abstain totally because of the legislation?

2. How many cases has Mr. Byrnes observed in which persons who had been impoverished by the use or abuse of alcohol prior to the Amendment now maintain better standards of living or bank accounts as a result of the legislation?

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3. How many regulated saloons have been closed, to Mr. Byrnes's knowledge, which have not been offset by unregulated places where liquor is still sold?

For your contributor's information I may say that the Salvation Army was unable to refer me to any cases falling within the above categories as late as October last, but if Mr. Byrnes's personal observations have been more favorable to the cause of prohibition than those of Commander Evangeline Booth and her very courteous assistants, and if he will refer me to his material, I shall be glad to go to Pittsburgh and check the cases with any openminded committee of experienced investigators and report the findings for the consideration of the readers of The Commonweal.

Should Mr. Byrnes agree to submit his observations to this proposed check, I would suggest that, as a preliminary, he consider the investigations conducted in Pittsburgh by Mr. M. Jay Racusin and those of Mr. Stanley Shirk—probably the most careful investigator and statistician dealing with the subject of prohibition and its results in this country.

Mr. Shirk's figures indicate that the police records of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, show 20,567 arrests for drunkenness in 1914—a typical pre-prohibition year—and 25,401 arrests for the same cause in 1924—a typical dry year.

JOHN M. GIBBONS.

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Those who desire the return of the licensed and legalized saloon are entitled to feel a measure of satisfaction over the conversion to their views of the Herald newspaper of El Paso, Texas, mentioned in your issue of December 21.

In addition the Herald should be commended for its honesty in openly advocating the total repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, instead of trying to hide behind beer and light (?) wines, or governmental dispensaries.

Your approval, however, even inferentially, of the doctrine of state rights, which you charge Volsteadism with trying to filch away, has an unfamiliar look on the page of a Catholic publication.

We are indebted to the doctrine of state rights for the forty-seven different divorce laws in this country, which have made us the butt of the whole world's ridicule, and occasioned earnest protests on the part of the Catholic Church.

But for the doctrine of state rights, we could secure the enactment of child-labor laws applicable to the whole country that would prevent the wicked exploitation of children in factories.

The doctrine of states rights, whenever and wherever applied, results in state wrongs.

FRANK HOPKINS.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS AND THE TAXPAYER

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The following suggestion is not offered in a spirit of controversy, but rather to call attention publicly to the debt of gratitude which the cities and towns owe the Catholic Church for its establishment of schools permitting a tremendous saving to the taxpayers and government.

The cost of schools in every city and town is a problem which is more frequently discussed than any other question concerning the affairs of government; so the establishment of schools by the Church, the expense of which is voluntarily borne by its members, should be made a matter of appreciation rather than of criticism and prejudice. The educational advantages of these schools are equivalent to those provided by our public schools. Their teachings, as relating to the moral and religious welfare of their scholars, is reflected in the opinion of a learned judge who was recently quoted in a newspaper as saying that the largest percentage of crime was attributed to the lack of religious training, or the lack of its observance. Hence the necessity of schools to impart religious teaching is noticeably apparent.

This method of instructing in no manner conflicts with the fundamental principles of our government, since love of country and respect and observance of its laws is the first thought; the moral and religious instruction following is essential to good citizenship finally, if observance is consistent in its entirety.

If there is any inclination to criticize or ridicule the idea of Catholic schools, it is well to remember the inestimable saving to the government, while their teaching prepares for an extremely creditable citizenship.

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

WILL ROGERS IN MEXICO

Nowata, Okla.

TO the Editor:—Your editorial in the issue of December 28 regarding the visit of Will Rogers to Mexico was written apparently in haste. Will's birthplace is so near Nowata, in fact, within the confines of my mission-parish at Claremore, Oklahoma, that I have more than a passing interest in a man who ranks as America's most typical humorous satirist.

Though Will speaks of Vinita, Oklahoma, as the place where he "missed his education," it can hardly be said that he is "constitutionally incapable of understanding that there were any depths" to Mexico's social, political and religious turmoil. It seems to me that Will Rogers ably penetrates the foibles and veneer of our social and political lives, and fairly well grasps the significance of the deeper currents of our national life.

He is "by nature gay" but hardly "irreverent." He may "scoff at sword and crown"—if "scoff" means a kindly and sympathetic humorous satire—but to assert that he scoffs "at everything else," apparently blurs and discolors his "keen untroubled face." Eternal verities and spiritual values are perennially sacred to Will.

His inimitable tribute to Guadeloupe Day as "the greatest and oldest thing of its kind on this continent. . . . It takes more than laws to change beliefs," is etched in sharp contrast to the muffled reports of others who dare tread the soil of the persecuted country. Our beloved Lindbergh said nothing. It is "significant of much" and a credit to his daring that Will found an avenue for such journalistic "travesty," flashing news from Mexico's front that no correspondent dared send. I believe the editorial failed to silhouette the significant importance of Will's telegram to the New York Times.

REV. A. BRUNSWICK, C. PP. S.

FOR LAY APOLOGISTS

Wollaston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The signs of the times point to the fact that the moment is now ripe for qualified Catholic laymen to go out into the highways and byways and, under the direction of Holy Church, proclaim Catholic truth. Why do we stand all the day idle? Millions await the truth we possess. Free speech within the law is our civil heritage. Let us use it now for the greatest of all causes.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH.

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POEMS

White Requiem

Here is the grey and vast sepulchral room
Where winter tends the summer's various dead.
Walk lightly here, for reverence of bloom
And life and death now intimately wed.

The chaplets for the summer's brow are white,
The last red fevers quit her broken flesh.
Walk lightly here . . . the body of delight
Is sealed inviolate within the mesh

That winter weaves with pale, decisive hands.
The snows have cooled the ardors of her face,
And she whose days were rhythmic sarabands,
Lies still and dreamless in her shroud of lace.

Out of the blue, chill dusk there may arise
A phantom or a fragrance or a light,
And hope will burn within a dreamer's eyes,
A radiant image at the edge of white!

HENRI FAUST.

The Parting Soul

Open the casement and set wide the door
  For one out-going
Into the night that slips along the shore
Like a dark river flowing;
The rhythmic anguish of our sad hearts' beating
Must hinder not a soul that would be fleeting.

Hark, how the voices of the ghostly wind
  Cry for her coming!
What wild adventurous playmates will she find
  When she goes roaming
Over the starry moor and misty hollow?
Loosen the clasp and set her free to follow.

Open the casement and set wide the door—
  The call is clearer!
Than we whom she has loved so well before
  There is a dearer—
When her fond lover death for her is sighing
We must not hold her with our tears from dying.

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

To Another Galatea

Gash after gash his golden chisel plied
Until the pure, safe stone so lightly stirred. . . .
Quite careless of the fact that she demurred
Triumphantly he led her forth, his bride.

For anyone it would be a great stroke
To free her body of its marble sleep—
But this man's love became so sure, so deep,
It brought no freedom to her when she woke.

A bondage of slow day and slower night
Closed round and round her beauty cold and taut.
She watched a flushed enchantment on him light
As he clasped jewels on her throat, her dress,
Her hands that now were tamed to restlessness:
"He came to life, not I, not I!" she thought.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

The Careless Traveler

I packed my suitcase carefully;
I looked around the room—
A bed, two chairs, a pile of books,
A worn and dirty broom
That I had never used because
I hate to raise the dust,
But nothing of my own I saw
And still I knew I must
Have slighted some poor trifle as
I always have before;
I made one final search, and then
I shut and locked the door,
I hurried to the station, where
I took the train to find,
As whistles blew, that careless I
Had left my heart behind.

JOHN MULLEN.

Achievement

I can live without you
  Now, God knows;
Long and patient practice
  Proficiency bestows.

Once, for sight of you,
  How my wild heart burned!—
This wise and cool contentment
  Would God I had not learned!

NORA B. CUNNINGHAM.

Alembic

"See, there a star . . . and there. . ."
  More dream than truth
We swing from star to star
  And call it youth.

"Sagittarius, Aldebaran—"
  Reading the heavenly page
We name them one by one
  And call its age.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Marco Millions

IN THE writing of Marco Millions something seems to have happened to Eugene O'Neill which foreshadows the title of his subsequent play—The Strange Interlude. Marco Millions itself is distinctly a strange interlude in the career of the man now generally accepted as America's premier dramatist. Surely there is little in it of the biting frenzy or of the sweeping exaltation of his previous work. It has much beautiful writing and much that is distinctly commonplace. It offers gorgeous opportunities in stage settings, but very few moments of authentic drama.

This play sets forth to tell the story of Marco Polo's sojourn in the far East, and, by using Marco as the symbol of all the go-getters of western civilization, to point a humiliating contrast with the ancient traditions and culture of the East. I am sure that in Mr. O'Neill's mind the theme must have opened up as one of large, if not universal, significance. Marco is really a man in search of his own soul. But when confronted with it, in the form of Princess Kukachin, granddaughter of Kublai, the great Khan, he fails to recognize it and returns to Venice to wallow in the proceeds of his vast commercial success. This Marco ought to stand as an indictment of that supposedly finest product of the West, the super-salesman and business man, by whom all values are measured in dollars. Up to this point we cannot take issue with Mr. O'Neill, unless it be to regret that he has fallen heir to that easy assumption that the civilization of the East represents the ultimate attainment of all the philosophical virtues. As a matter of fact, the East has sought to escape from the realities of life with a fervor quite as extreme as the zeal of the West to exalt outward realities as the only serious concern of life. If the West is heading toward material perdition with a constantly increasing acceleration, the East has been heading toward oblivion.

The main difficulty with the play lies not so much in its theme as in its treatment, which is undramatic and frequently banal. When Robert Sherwood undertook to tell his special version of Hannibal at the gates of Rome, he purposely used a modern idiom for all of his characters. In this he was following the Shaw-Erskine formula. But in Marco Millions O'Neill employs a modern salesman's dialogue for Marco Polo and his father and uncle, and a distinctly poetic dialogue, with an antique feeling, for all the other characters. The incongruous result does provoke an occasional smile, but at the expense of theatrical illusion. One cannot help the feeling that the hard-boiled commercialism of Marco could have been indicated with even greater effect by using antique equivalents for the modern salesman's language. The audience might have taken half an hour longer to catch on to Mr. O'Neill's satirical intention, but the final discovery would have been all the more pleasing and the unity of the play would have been vastly better preserved.

Another difficulty with the play is its lack of any particular dramatic situation. To be sure there is the tragedy of the lovely Princess Kukachin, who finds Marco so utterly impervious to the beauty of her love. But O'Neill never really persuades us that Marco could have been quite as blind as O'Neill makes him. There would have been much more drama in the play if Marco had caught, even for a few moments, the possible beauty of his own soul as reflected in the eyes of the Princess. He would probably have lost it again as he plunged deeper and deeper into the task of exploiting the treasures of the East. But here, at least, we should have had a double tragedy. A man who has lost his sight is always a more pathetic figure than the man who has never seen at all. The Marco of O'Neill's play is so completely blind and obtuse that he never captures our interest—indeed, he even makes us a little impatient with the Princess for yielding her devotion to a man so incredibly dull of wit and soul.

The Theatre Guild production of this play is distinguished by the lavish beauty of its settings and costumes, designed by Lee Simonson. The direction is entrusted to Rouben Mamoulian who was so conspicuously successful in the staging of Porgy. The present play offers fewer chances for spectacular mob movement and the result of his work seems at times unnecessarily slow and tedious. But where the play itself lacks a certain vitality, this fault cannot be attributed entirely to the director. The two performances which seemed to stand out like cameos are those of Dudley Digges, as a sage of Cathay and advisor to the great Khan, and of Morris Carnovsky as Tedaldo, the papal legate, who in the course of the play receives word that the conclave has elected him Pope. The portrait of the elderly prelate turning from the world to God to find the strength for his new responsibility is as fine a piece of interpretive acting as I have seen this year. The part of Marco Polo falls, of course, to Alfred Lunt and receives at his hands as ingratiating a treatment as the lines permit. He does all he can to make you feel that Marco might have been a character of insight and understanding had it not been for the tutelage of his father and uncle. Margalo Gillmore, as the Princess, is beautifully restrained and ethereal. Baliol Hollaway gives the figure of the great Khan its due dignity and importance, but is less convincing in the latter half of the play than in the first scenes. The large supporting cast managed unfortunately to create an amateurish atmosphere by the simple method of overloud speech. This is a fault which the director should have remedied. (At the Guild Theatre.)

Excess Baggage

THEATRICAL life is still the focus of many plays on Broadway since the advent of Burlesque. Excess Baggage concerns the intimate family drama of a husband and wife playing in the so-called "five-a-day" vaudeville houses—meaning those houses in the more remote sections where the performance is continuous and lacks some of the alleged splendor and dignity of the great metropolitan theatres. This comedy, with its touch of pathos and its photographic humor, is by John McGowan and is brought to life by a cast which includes Miriam Hopkins, Eric Dressler, Herbert Clark and Suzanne Willa.

One of the newspaper critics announced that Excess Baggage was better than Burlesque. This seems a rather extreme statement of the case. It has much of the clear, hard, idiomatic dialogue which stands, in the public mind at least, for authentic atmosphere. It puts the reverse English on the Burlesque story, by having the wife the one who is offered an avenue for quick advancement—this time through the movies. As you would expect, this rather goes to her head and she becomes the focus for a threatened scandal which, however, has no real

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foundation. The husband, torn with jealousy and tired of being talked about as merely the husband of a successful movie actress, turns to vaudeville and his famous death-defying act of sliding backwards from the top of the house to the stage on a tight rope. The audience is given the full thrill of watching this particular feat and of witnessing a supposed accident at the end of the slide. The wife of course returns just in time to take her husband in her arms and to give him the life-restoring assurance that she still loves him. Somehow, in spite of the similarity to the theme of Burlesque, the characterization in this play is less interestingly worked out and we never become particularly concerned over the fate of any individual. It is amusing in spots, but does not sustain emotional interest well enough to become really first-class entertainment. Miriam Hopkins is thoroughly pleasing as the wife, but Eric Dressler is decidedly stiff and theatrical as the husband. Suzanne Willa's portrait of a vaudeville mother, doing a so-called "sister act" with her daughter, is probably the best piece of work in the play. (At the Ritz Theatre.)

A Reinhardt Double Bill

THE more intimate Reinhardt productions are proving to be very interesting fare indeed, particularly as illustrating the amazing varsatility of well-trained European actors. The double bill consisting of Tolstoy's one-act comedy, It Is to Blame for Everything, and an adaptation of Goldoni's comedy, The Servant of Two Masters, gave us an entirely new vision of what these experts from middle Europe can do.

The Tolstoy play, which is a rather simple study of the character of a tramp who manages, paradoxically, to bring spiritual enlightenment to a group of peasants, is largely a vehicle for featuring Alexander Moissi. This man of the plastic face and renowned voice appears on closer acquaintance to have less of real genius than of spectacular talent. He is not above making use of theatrical tricks and his amazing vocal range appears to be something of which he is distressingly self-conscious. Of course, we should probably be thankful if we had more actors of his ability on the American stage. Yet he invites the above criticism, thanks chiefly to the exaggerated press-agenting he has received in this country.

The Goldoni comedy is one of those rip-roaring farces planned and executed somewhat in the spirit of the old commedia dell' arte. It has all the familiar figures which have surrounded Pierrot and Columbine since this type of drama first emerged from the strolling groups of Italy. It is played with immense energy and enthusiasm by Mr. Reinhardt's actors, particularly by Hermann Thimig, who seems, on long acquaintance, to be very nearly the most accomplished artist of the entire group. (At the Cosmopolitan Theatre.)

Bless You, Sister

ONCE more we can record the brief passage of a play in which Alice Brady scored a personal success by the general excellence of her emotional acting. On the whole, it seems to be a sign of general sanity that these dramatic diatribes against evangelism, following the lead of Sinclair Lewis, should not prove spectacular hits. If certain evangelists have been guilty of capitalizing religious emotionalism, the authors of plays and books of this type are quite as guilty in capitalizing the reverse aspect of the story. The abuse of religion for money is not very different from its deliberate use for money. There are such things as rackets within rackets—and Bless You, Sister was undoubtedly just that.

BOOKS

A Guide to Canossa

Letzte Römische Briefe, by Kurd von Schlözer. Berlin und Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

MANY students of Rome, and not all of them by any means German students, have learned to appreciate the "Römische Briefe" of the Prussian diplomat Kurd von Schlözer who, in a series of letters clearly not intended originally for publication, gave a vivid and well-informed picture of the eternal city in the closing years of the temporal power. The writer was a member of the Prussian legation and was an excellent type of that cultured, Romanized German who, not a Catholic, yet understood something of the meaning of the Papacy to the world, and not an archaeologist, had wide knowledge and an intuitive appreciation of the beauty of Rome in all its phases. Where the diaries and letters of Gregorovius, for all his erudition, offend the impartial reader by their cynical flavor and half-facetious scepticism, Kurd von Schlözer is serious and respectful. Had his attitude of mind been otherwise he could hardly have reached that position of trust and intimacy at the Holy See which enabled him to play a leading part in the reconciliation between the Vatican and the German empire after the Kulturkampf. It was he, in fact, who prepared the way to that "Canossa" to which Bismarck vowed he would never be led, and so well was his work done that both sides at its conclusion held him in equal esteem.

After leaving Rome in 1869 Kurd von Schlözer went as minister of the North German Confederation to Mexico, with whose government, at a difficult time, two years after the tragic end of the Emperor Maximilian, he was able to establish good relations and conclude a satisfactory commercial treaty. Later he went on to Washington, but neither from here nor from Mexico were his most interesting letters written. His heart was always in the eternal city, and in 1882 he proceeded there once more, as first Prussian minister to the Holy See after the breach ten years previously.

The Iron Chancellor had found the dispute with the Catholic Church more difficult than he anticipated. His internal and external policy was being gravely embarrassed by the resistance of the clergy and the Centre party, and he thought that with a more conciliatory Pope it might be possible to achieve peace with honor. Kurd von Schlözer was chosen; he had the absolute confidence of the Chancellor and he reciprocated this by unbounded admiration. In his work of reconciliation he was constantly assisted by the Under-Secretary of State at the Vatican, Monsignor Galimberti, and also by Leo XIII, who grasped the importance of the new German empire and was very willing to be on good terms with it.

Von Schlözer soon saw that his task was made hopeless by the May Laws of Falk, and still more by their ruthless application to the clergy. What his despatches may have said we do not certainly know, but his attitude to the government's policy is sufficiently indicated in the private letters printed here. He thought it stupid and ill-informed, and we can believe that, as a result of his pressure, a way was eventually found of beating a retreat. A favorable atmosphere was created by the visit of the then Crown Prince Frederick, still more by the invitation to Leo XIII from Bismarck to act as intermediary between Germany and Spain over the Caroline Islands. The exchange of compliments between the Pontiff and the Chancellor after the settlement of this question was more than a formality. It marked the Vatican's recognition of the existence of the German

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empire as a political factor of first-rate importance; it also stood as the first important milestone on the road to Canossa. Subsequently the May Laws were modified and eventually withdrawn, while the Vatican, on its side, nominated a non-Polish Archbishop to the See of Gnesen, an event which was recognized in Paris as a triumph for Prussian diplomacy.

Kurd von Schlözer had reached the culmination of his career, although he was to stay on in his beloved Rome for some years yet, enjoying the numerous friendships with Liszt, Cardinal Hohenlohe and others, of which he gives so many engaging pictures. A change, however, was approaching. A new and self-opinionated emperor was on the throne; in Rome Cardinal Rampolla was in the ascendent and with him French influence was regaining the position it had lost. To the Prussian diplomat fell the task of carrying through the private audience of the young kaiser and the tactless way in which it was broken off and the deliberate gaffe at its conclusion, of a drive straight to the Quirinal, where the Italian conquest of Rome was toasted in terms hardly courteous to the Vatican—these were his despair. In the meantime Bismarck's position was weakening and with it his own, and in 1892 he was asked, ostensibly because he had reached the retiring age, to hand in his resignation. He did so and received a more than formal eulogy from the Pope, whose words—"Mimanca Bismarck"—made the deepest impression on his mind.

His admiration for his chief was unstinted, but allowing for natural bias, the letters which deal with his view of German policy after Bismarck's fall deserve to be read by anyone who wishes to get a comprehensive and absolutely fair impression of the Iron Chancellor's character. They show at least that he alone had had the perspicacity to see that "qui mange du pape en meurt," and had had the strength to reverse this policy once he had grasped its dangers for the empire. That he was able to march to Canossa with so little damage to his own prestige was due in no small measure to the assistance of his minister to the Holy See.

JOHN STAPLETON.

Acknowledging Inheritance

The Legacy of the Middle Ages, edited by C. G. Crump and E. F. Jacob. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

ANYONE who knows the preceding "legacy" books from the Clarendon Press will appreciate the fact that this volume is sure to be an equally valuable contribution to the understanding of a period and its people. In the art section the essay on Mediaeval Architecture is by W. R. Lethaby, surveyor of Westminister Abbey. That on Mediaeval Sculpture is by Paul Vitry, conservator of the Museum of the Louvre. That on Decorative and Industrial Arts is by Marcel Aubert, also of the Museum of the Louvre. In the section on law, the article on Customary Law is by the late Sir Paul Vinogradoff, Corpus professor of jurisprudence in the University of Oxford. That on Canon Law is by Gabriel le Bras, professor at the University of Strasbourg, while that on Roman Law is by Edouard Maynial, professor at the Sorbonne. The section on Education is by J. W. Adamson, emeritus professor of education in the University of London. There is one American contributor on the Economic Activity of Towns by N. S. B. Gras, professor of history in the University of Minnesota.

The volume is almost more interesting for its omissions than for its contents. For instance, science has been left to a succeeding volume. There was a time not so long ago when most people felt that if there was one thing in the world that did not develop during the middle-ages it was science and they were quite sure that the reason for the absence of scientific development was the intolerance of the Church. Now mediaeval science bulks so large that it is left to a complementary volume. Scandinavia, though Icelandic literature had its greatest development in the thirteenth century, is left practically untouched but Spain also is neglected. The editors confess this in the preface and feel that the lack of room constitutes sufficient excuse. The neglect of Ireland, however, is not mentioned. Surely it is a rather serious fault to leave out this country's important work, as the knowledge of it has been developed for us in recent years, without some extenuation.

The most interesting feature of mediaeval life brought out in this volume is the contradiction of the oft-expressed opinion that "during the middle-ages there was little or no chance for a poor man's son to rise." Any such idea is entirely based on prejudice. The editor writes in the introduction: "The son of a peasant could get learning and rise in or through the Church; he could win a place in the town and rise by craft or trade; he could turn soldier. The born townsman had the same possibilities open to him. Even the man who was the younger son of a feudal family could turn clerk." There were probably as open avenues for ascension in the social scale in the middle-ages as there are at the present time if only the man had the talent to lift himself up to them.

Crump cites a noteworthy example when he says: "The son of a peasant might become the first man in France under the king, as happened in the case of Suger, abbot of Saint Denis. At the abbey school one of Suger's fellow-scholars was the boy who was to reign over France as Louis VI; and when the prince became king the son of a peasant had already become the abbot of a great monastery and was the most trusted counselor of the king; when Louis VI died the abbot remained the most trusted counselor of his son."

The article on Canon Law is very interesting reading in the light of certain recent events. The Church's marriage regulations are discussed, and emphasis is placed on the absolute necessity for complete freedom in the matter: "The consent must have been given with a clear mind and a free will; any error concerning the identity of one of the two parties or some essential and distinctive quality of a party in view of which the marriage was entered into or again the liberty of a party, rendered it null and void. Marriage could not be validly contracted under the influence of fear or deceit." This was the canon law on the subject in the thirteenth as it is in the twentieth century. Moreover, the Church's insistence on refusing to marry those within the forbidden degrees of kindred probably had much to do with fostering real eugenics.

Everywhere that one turns in the volume one finds very definite information of this kind. It is not the sort of book that one would read for its human interest, but it is admirable for the solution of problems with regard to mediaeval customs and for answering questions that inevitably come up. For instance there is an excellent discussion of the question of education for girls. There is the name of a Parisian school-mistress who kept a "little school" in 1292 in which girls were taught reading and rudimentary Latin grammar. In the following century, when assemblies of the teachers of the "little schools" were summoned, they included "honorable women keeping and teaching school in the art of grammar." At the beginning of the fifteenth century there is a reference to a magistra scolarum at Boston—which of course would be the town in England after which our own Boston is named. The writer says: "It would appear that Boston taught some girls Latin at that date."

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Is it any wonder, after the way the knowledge of the middle-ages has been coming back to us, that Mr. Lathaby in the article on Mediaeval Architecture should say: "The legacy of the middle-ages is too great to be computed; we are still living on the inheritance without realizing what the world will be like when all is squandered. In regard to any traditional art, we are now in the night following the day, not knowing whether there will be another dawn."

Under the circumstances it seems too bad that a young man, or one who has stayed young, Mr. Harris, fellow of All Souls' College, should have been chosen to write the article on philosophy. It is sophomoric to the last degree. He knows it all, and the poor benighted philosophers of the middle-ages, including Aquinas, were indeed unfortunate not to have waited until his time. These great men, the mediaeval philosophers, might surely have been more worthily treated.

JAMES J. WALSH.

The Classic Model

Literary Art and Modern Education, by Francis P. Donnelly. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.75.

A JESUIT Looks at Letters and Education might have been the title of this collection of essays by Father Donnelly, who is celebrating his golden jubilee as a teacher. Catholic and non-Catholic teachers and students of education, as well as laymen interested in the problems of the modern school, will find this an unusually helpful volume.

The major portion of the essays, twenty-six out of thirty-six, discuss the subject of secondary education from a point of view generally neglected or at least slighted by the supporters of the modern and the new in methods, and courses of study, and curricula—the ratio studiorum of the Jesuits and the Catholic philosophy of the soul and its faculties. How these two vital matters affect educational problems is vividly presented, although there is too much repetition to please the stylist, or the scholar. Too many topics are treated to permit an adequate review, and many of them invite controversy on every page.

Although the reviewer received a classical education, and is an ardent defender of it, his experience in public secondary schools has convinced him that "other times, other customs" is a truism applicable to present conditions. Certainly, when education was for the few and when the few were more or less selected, the ideal of "holding fast to literature, to pure science, to mathematics, to history, to the knowledge and fine use of English" was fitting and proper. Today, however, when there are more than two million children in our high schools, the problem is far more complex on account of the cost of living and education, individual difference, different social levels, varied tastes and aptitudes, and different, or should I say, indifferent parents. For these reasons specialization must necessarily begin early. It is demanding the impossible to require all students to follow courses in Latin and Greek, French and German, and in algebra, geometry, and trigonometry until they are eighteen or twenty years old. Only the minority can master even the rudiments of these subjects. Should the majority, therefore, be deprived of the kind of education that will benefit them? This question, which underlies all present educational theory and practice, Father Donnelly does not answer satisfactorily.

Of particular value, it should be noted, are the essays which discuss the subject of mental tests. The author's criticism is extremely pertinent and very well founded.

FRANCIS A. LITZ.

Misleading Scientists

Science: Leading and Misleading, by Arthur Lynch. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

IN THIS book Mr. Arthur Lynch, sometime warrior for the Boers and militant member of Parliament, once more attacks the enemy. Just who the enemy may be hardly matters to his fine pugnacity. The avowed purpose of the volume is to discriminate between the truth and error in current science, but such is the author's penchant for loose anecdote and personal polemic that his general aim is usually lost sight of. The book begins with an account of the pre-Socratic philosophers, in which Mr. Lynch retells with much assurance a number of the least well-founded legends, interspersed with extravagant comments of his own. Empedocles, he assures us, "had the clearest conception of what we now know as the Darwinian doctrine." (One may hope that "clearest" was a typographical error for "dim.") The only reason that a theory of evolution did not result from the teachings of this philosopher was, according to Mr. Lynch, because Greek learning was submerged in the thousand years of mediaeval night during which "the Church held sway over the minds of men and not only destroyed what was true and great in the Greek teaching, but also emasculated the intellects of those whom it controlled." The fact that incidentally another thousand years intervened between Empedocles and this disastrous period of Church dominance seems of no importance to the virile mind of Mr. Lynch. His valor admits of no impediments.

This over-boldness destroys the reader's confidence at the outset, before he reaches the part of the book dealing with modern science and philosophy—a field in which the author is considerably stronger than in history. Mr. Lynch's criticisms of non-Euclidean geometry, Einstein and Freud are pertinent and suggestive. But even here his work is marred by petulance and self-laudation. He is unwilling to concede that philosophy has any right to a technical terminology, and makes himself rather ridiculous by quoting as marvels of obscurity several perfectly clear passages from various contemporaries. We are more than once given to understand by him that his own Principles of Psychology is the last word in that particular science. The benefits to be derived from the latter work are, however, unfortunately, likely to be left untouched by anyone who has first read Science: Leading and Misleading.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Letters of a Saint

Saint Basil—The Letters; Volume I, with an English translation by Roy J. Deferrari. New York, Putnam's: The Loeb Classical Library.

DOCTOR DEFERRARI, of the Catholic University, selected as the "one and only logical candidate" for editing Saint Basil's letters, has himself become general editor of another series of volumes which has attracted, and deservedly, the high approval of scholars. His department has sponsored more than a dozen doctrinal dissertations elucidating the style of the Latin and Greek Fathers. These dissertations give assurance, which the Loeb edition of Saint Basil's Letters confirms, that in Dr. Deferrari we have an expert patristic scholar in production as well as in direction.

The Loeb Library is issued in small octavo with red cloth or leather binding for the Latin writers and with olive green for the Greek. The text and the translation are printed on

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opposite pages. Dr. Deferrari presents a newly revised text with the principal variant readings, a brief life of Saint Basil with an account of his controversies and of his letters, with a list of his most important works, a bibliography of manuscripts, of translations and of works dealing with him. Explanatory notes are appended to all the letters; citations are traced to their sources and for Scripture the passage is often cited entire. This first volume contains letters i to lviii and concludes with an index of proper names. There will be four volumes of the letters.

It was no light task to translate the letters of Saint Basil. Their range is extraordinary, including playful banter, poetic and realistic description, vehement reprehension and purely scientific discussion of substance, personality and their respective functions in the Holy Trinity. Saint Basil is a close second to Miss Repplier in the abundance of his quotations, and their verification imposed much work on the editor. For the purely theological terms Dr. Deferrari acknowledges his debt to Dr. Tennally, S. S. The work in this regard seems excellently well done as far as the reviewer is competent to judge. The word "invariability," applied to the nature of the Trinity (page 333) connotes in English "immutability," whereas the Greek "aparallakton," though it means also invariable, would seem in the context to call for a word like "identity" or "sameness of nature," as distinguished from the difference in Persons. The word "blasphemia" is correctly rendered by the English "blasphemy" on pages 153 and 351, where the reference is to God, but on pages 151 and 327, where man is referred to, "invective" or "slander" or "calumny" would be more idiomatic. The reviewer did not compare the translation word for word throughout, but a careful reading of the version disclosed no other renderings which he could properly object to. Here and there an exact study of the version was made, and in every instance the correctness was admirable. The English is idiomatic and has very little, if any, of the jargon found often in translations. An extended comparison was made between the versions of several letters done by Cardinal Newman in his Church of the Fathers and Dr. Deferrari's version, and it is a proof of the excellence of the new version that it comes off very well in the comparison. Newman is more simple, as is suited to his purpose and to the style of familiar correspondence he translates, but he is not as close as Dr. Deferrari. A sentence from letter xiv, may illustrate partly the different tone of the versions. Newman renders, "I must at once make for Pontus, where perhaps, God willing, I may make an end of wandering"; and Dr. Deferrari, "For I was obliged to leave immediately for the Pontus, where some time soon, God willing, I shall cease my wandering."

The letters present a vivid picture of the times, of bishops and priests, sophists and government officials, saints and virgins and fallen monks. Great names, like Gregory, Eusebius, Athanasius, Julian, pass before us and we see them as living beings. It is not history but the past actually present in the intimacy of letters. It is tempting to quote instances of playful banter or of poetic comparisons, which abound, or of tender consolation, but space forbids. Perhaps the following bit of realism will give an idea of the difficulties facing a translator and of the way Dr. Deferrari has successfully overcome them. The passage also illustrates Saint Basil's vigorous imagination. The letter (xlv) is addressed to a fallen monk:

"Irritating your body with rough sackcloth, and binding tightly about your loins a hard girdle, with steadfast endurance you afflicted your bones. You made your sides hollow by your deprivations, so that they hung flabby even round to the back; and you declined the use of a soft waist-band, but drawing your flanks in tightly, like a gourd, you forced them tight against the region of the kidneys. You rid your flesh of all its fat, nobly drained the channels of your abdomen dry, and by compressing your stomach itself with fastings, you caused your outstanding ribs, like the eaves of a house, to cast a shadow about the region of your navel. Thus, with your whole body contracted, you spent the hours of the night making your confessions to God, and with the streams of your tears smoothed out the curls of your drenched beard. Why need I go into details? Remember all the saints whose lips you greeted with a kiss, all the holy persons that you embraced, all the people who fervently clasped your hands as undefiled, all the servants of God who, like hirelings, ran up and clung to your knees.

"And what is the end of all this? An evil rumor of adultery, flying swifter than an arrow, wounds our ears, aye, with a sharper sting pierces our vitals."

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY.

The West with a Difference

Flambeau Jim, by Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THIS latest western story from the prolific pen of Mr. Spearman is by no means slavishly true to the Wild West mold—one cannot foresee every minute feature in advance. Nor is there a meaningless conventionality in descriptions, a silly flow of mild profanity and poorly mimicked dialect. Both in plot and in style there is a healthy freshness and an air of undoubted distinction as pleasing as they are rare in western stories.

Mr. Spearman, however, cannot be exonerated of all faults, especially from those usual in stories of this genre. Two elements in the plot—a deformed villain who is a criminal, pays ardent and unwelcome suit to the heroine, and basks in her father's favor; and a hero who represents the law, pursuing the heroine's father, though torn between duty and love—these two elements scarcely need any introduction, to an habitué of the movies. As for the style, which is usually direct, simple and extremely pictorial when dealing with conversation, action or moods, it occasionally lapses into bombastic purple passages about scenery, or saccharine ones about the heroine's heart-throbs.

But it would be scarcely fair to leave anyone with the impression that these trite defects are typical of the book—they are particularly noticeable and worthy of criticism because they stand in such contrast to the originality and restraint that prevail. There is excellent repartee, really clever and not too constant. The characters are all very much alive: lumbering Bill Pardaloe, clumsily skilful and dogged in loyalty; the kind but caustic Doctor Carpy; the quick-witted, agile and fearless Jim; the flashing and elfish Pickie; and all the others.

I may well close by quoting a keen description of a novel situation, where the hero, to play a part, must do nothing while the heroine is pestered by the villain: "The deaf man with the fiddle showed no excitement—not even a trace. Like one accustomed to brawls and used to keeping out of them, he sat throughout the spirited encounter as unconcerned as a wooden man. At times he even had to shift his position to avoid the mixup; and this he neatly did without concern and without rising, sliding along the seat, one way or the other, just far enough to keep out of range and protect his violin—the safety of which seemed his sole anxiety."

BROTHER JOSEPH.

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A Grateful Record

Saint Joseph College: 1851-1926, by Francis X. Talbot. Philadelphia: Saint Joseph's College Press.

THE seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Saint Joseph's College in Philadelphia, deriving its name and tracing its history back to the first Catholic Church that was nearing its completion in the eventful year of 1731, is an event well worthy of the excellent memorial volume published by Father Talbot, S.J. It was in 1851 that the Jesuits made their first effort to establish a college curriculum in Philadelphia and in the splendid square of buildings at Overbrook we behold the fulfillment of the heroic efforts and ideals of these religious pioneers.

The story of the early years of the college carries with it an amusing anecdote about William Penn, the founder. There was a tradition that he was visited by a Jesuit missioner and in England a rumor of Penn's conversion was spread abroad, based upon the justice of his treatment of Catholics rather than upon any love of them which could really be alleged against him. In 1683 he answered the reports that were current, declaring, "I find some persons who have had so little wisdom and so much malice as to report my death and to mend the matter, dead a Jesuit too." "With high indignation, but without the humor of Mark Twain in a similarly embarrassing and painful situation," writes Father Talbot, "he emphatically declares: 'I am still alive and no Jesuit.' "

The founding of Saint Joseph's was really the founding of the Catholic church in Pennsylvania; hence the historical value of a work like this, which should not be overlooked by students concerned with the beginnings of our American religious institutions in the provinces of Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

The honor list of Saint Joseph's graduates is long and important, including laymen like Charles H. A. Esling and Colonel Edmund Randall and the great Jesuit names of Barbelin, Ryder, Ward and Villiger. Today through the noble efforts of Father Albert G. Browne, S.J., and the generous patronage of His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, the college has become one of the ornaments of the City of Brotherly Love and a soaring monument to culture and religious ideals.

GARRET LEWALYS

Life and Music

Haydn, by Michel Brenet. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. $2.00.

Pages from My Life, by Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapine. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

"SO FAR as I am aware, this is the best available biography of Joseph Haydn," says Sir W. H. Hadow, the distinguished English musicologist, in his erudite preface to "M. Brenet's" monograph. And it is a presumptuous reviewer who does not find the materials of his review already to hand in Sir William's commentary, for he has thrown all the fruits of his learning and wisdom into the writing of it. Most of us are acquainted with Pohl's volumes on Papa Haydn, which have remained the standard biography of the genial master; but this work was left unfinished by Pohl's death in 1790, nineteen years before the death of Haydn; "and as much of his noblest writing belongs to his old age, and is therefore outside the purview of Pohl's two volumes, we are especially ready to welcome a critical study which may not only focus our attention but aid and direct our judgment."

More Than Pleasure

From the Chief Editorial Writer of the *New York World:*

I have been a reader of THE COMMONWEAL since its first issue. Even if I had no interest in its subject matter I should enjoy it because of the distinction with which it is edited and the grace with which it is written. But I get more than pleasure out of it. I get, as a non-Catholic, the expression of a point of view which has not until recently played the part in American life which, as a matter of historic importance to civilization, it is entitled to play. It is not often in these days that you can find a magazine which is both important in itself and interesting to read. I wish THE COMMONWEAL the best of luck.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

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On several scores "M. Brenet" questions tradition, as when she throws doubt on Beethoven's formal presentation to Haydn, showing him a cantata and immediately being accepted as a pupil. A second point is that she is evidently unconvinced as to Haydn's employment of Croat folk-tunes, to which Sir William replies very cogently in his commentary, since he is cited by the author as a witness for the opposing view. He continues: "I have enlarged on these points because the book is so thoughtful and so well-written that it affords abundant material for debate. It is only fair to add that I have found the whole volume pleasant and profitable, and that I have learned a great deal from it." Praise from Sir Hubert is approbation indeed!

The value of a biography must be measured, I think, in its ulterior rather than its immediate significance; hence, I can write at the outset that Chaliapine's autobiography offers the reader slight rewards. This may sound strange, for "the big Siberian bear" (as he calls himself) has had a very useful life, one which might have been realized, biographically, in glamorous fashion, captivating public fancy by its very colorfulness, and making demands upon musical initiates by intimate reflections upon such powerful art as is immediately associated with his name: Boris, Khovanstchina, the early Russian operas —the very conscience of musical Russia. For was not Chaliapine the agency (with Nijinski and Diaghilev) for bringing about a universal genuflection before the creative spirits of Russia?

Disappointment is great with this autobiography, perhaps because anticipation ran very high. What arrives is hardly more than a purely factual record, and the great singing actor actually devotes more thought to the Statue of Liberty's glory, Chicago, etc., than he does to Moussorgsky.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

A Liberal Overlooks the Don

The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, by Miguel de Unamuno; translated by Homer P. Earle. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

IT WOULD seem that after all the commentators and historians, the best resort for a student of literature who desires to know Don Quixote de La Mancha will be to read the pages of Cervantes for himself. The Spanish author is very deliberate in all his details and leaves very few crumbs for the maw of critics and annotators of his text. If the student, however, is interested in the modern views of Spain entertained in the so-called liberal mind, he may find much character in Miguel de Unamuno's meditations and get a very precise idea regarding that author's mental, social and political motivations.

It is curious to find Mr. de Unamuno accepting inferentially the theory that associates Don Quixote with Saint Ignatius de Loyola. Practically throughout his entire volume he introduces the biographers of the Jesuit founder with sly insinuations which, in the end, impeach their wisdom and the stories and principles they illustrate. This form of anti-Jesuitry is not at all uncommon in Spanish literature; it is, in fact, an accepted method of contrasting the old established forms of Christianity in the race with the notions of modern reform in Spain.

In the way of textual annotation, side reference to the literature that may have been known to Cervantes and to the history of the Spanish people, this book of Mr. de Unamuno is not very complete or inspiring. Many Spanish scholars have devoted their lives to such study, and in the presence of a master like Marcelino Menendez y Pelayo, this ex-rector of Salamanca shrinks into very small compass.

RODERICK GILL.

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—THE LIBRARIAN.

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